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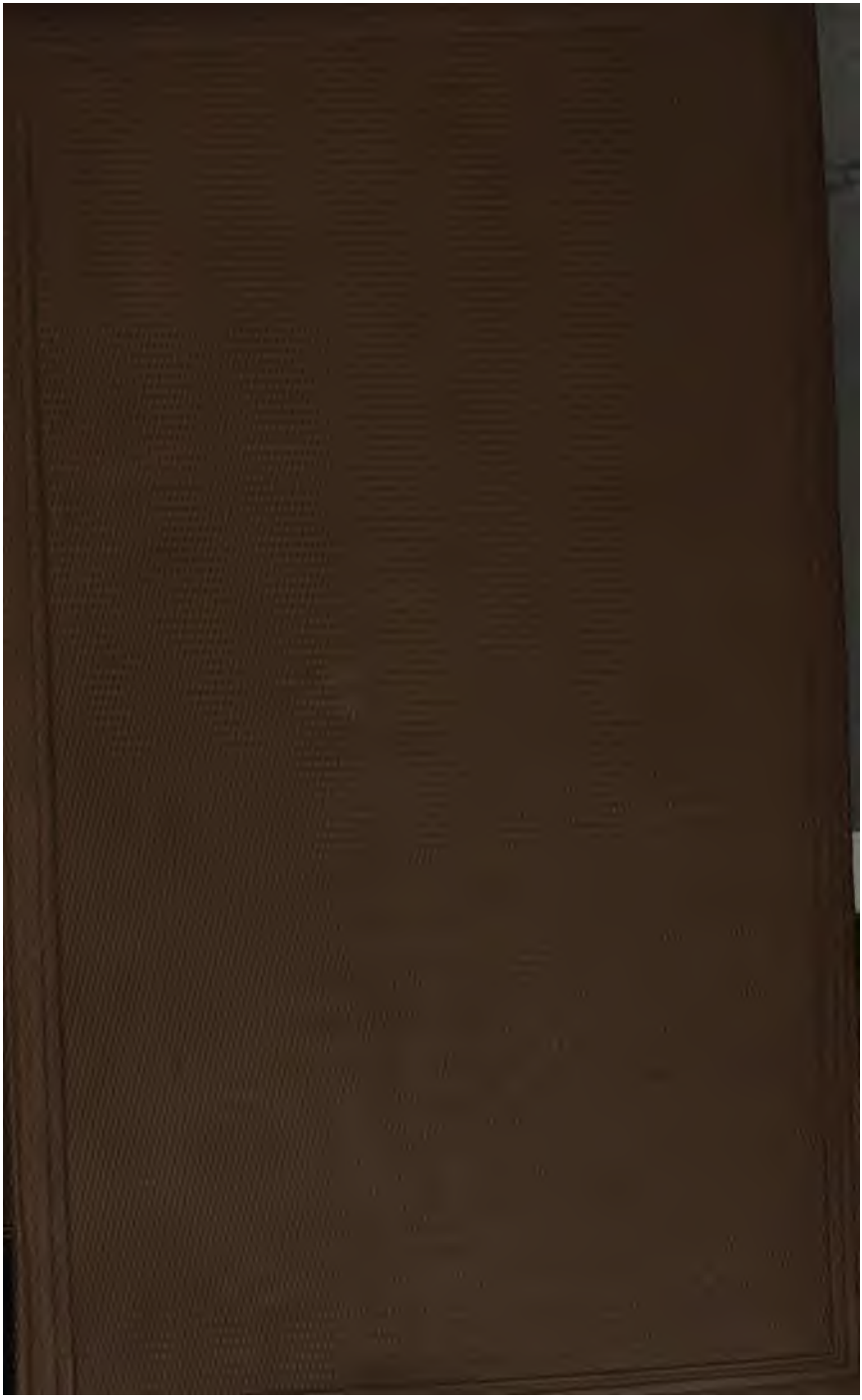

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STUDIES

FROM

THE ENGLISH POETS:

A READING-BOOK

FOR

THE HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS,

OR FOR

HOME TEACHING.

BY G. F. GRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH, OR THE ART OF COMPOSITION,"
"HELPS TO ENGLISH GRAMMAR," ETC.

"Good Sense is the body of poetic genius; Fancy, its drapery; Motion, its life; and Imagination, the soul that is everywhere and in each, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole." COLERIDGE.

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PREFACE.

THE object proposed in the present compilation is two-fold. Firstly, to furnish as subjects for reading-lessons copious selections from our greatest writers in all the principal forms of poetry; and, secondly, to arrange them in such a way that they may serve as materials for studies in poetical criticism.

Most of our present reading-books consist of short extracts from a comparatively large number of writers. That these selections are frequently very well chosen, and that they contain striking beauties, is incontestable; but, at the same time, it is certainly true that they seldom impress the reader with a very just notion of the general manner and style of the poet, and that they are always too fragmentary to create much interest in the mind of the young reader. But it will surely be admitted, that in the cultivation of our literature, there are two points of the greatest importance: viz. to place models of excellence before the mind of the student, and to give him an opportunity of acquainting himself with the great masters of our literature *sufficiently to* be able to distinguish their

beauties, criticise their defects, and learn to appreciate them according to their respective merits.

In accordance with these general views, the compiler has here furnished the young student of English literature with models of the principal forms of English poetry: viz. the Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Didactic, and Descriptive.

For this purpose, as the finest specimen of our Epic poetry, the first four books of Milton's "Paradise Lost" have been chosen.

The Dramatic specimens are all from Shakspere; and these have been selected with a due regard to variety of subject. 1. The Tempest (a romantic drama). 2. Macbeth (a tragedy). 3. King John (a history); and, 4. The Merchant of Venice (a comedy).

As models of Lyric poetry, a sufficient number of the odes of Gray and Collins is given to impress the manner and style of these poets upon the young reader.

Pope's "Essay on Man," and "Essay on Criticism," with some copious extracts from Cowper, illustrate the Didactic form, while Thomson's "Winter," and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and "Traveller," furnish examples of Descriptive English poetry.

It may be proper here to mention, that the text has been, throughout, scrupulously weeded of every expression which could offend the most fastidious delicacy; and every means adopted, in the way of explanatory notes and illustrations, to assist the reader to a proper understanding of the difficult passages, proper names, classical allusions, &c. which occur in the course of *the book.*

Strikingly beautiful passages are printed in italics; and to the end of each book, act, or division of the Poetry, is appended a list of Examination Questions, the answers to which may be either written, or repeated *vivâ voce.* These questions might also occasionally furnish subjects for exercises in English composition, for which they are well adapted: this, of course, at the discretion of the teacher.

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STUDIES FROM THE ENGLISH POETS.

EPIC POETRY.

JOHN MILTON.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of the Poem proposed. Man's disobedience and subsequent loss of Paradise. The cause of his Fall is Satan, who, by revolting from God, and seducing to his side legions of Angels, is driven from Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. The Poem now presents Satan and his Angels on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astounded. He awakens his legions; they rise;—their numbers, battle-array, and leaders, whom the poet identifies with the Pagan deities. Satan addresses them, and comforts them with the hope of yet regaining Heaven; but tells them of an ancient prophecy of a New World, and a new being to be created. To discover the truth of this prophecy, he calls a council; Pandemonium, Satan's palace, suddenly rises from the deep. Here the infernal spirits hold a council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal[1] taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man[2]
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb[3], or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd[4], who first taught the chosen seed

[1] Not subject to, but producing, death.

[2] By "one greater Man" is meant Christ, who was to restore fallen man, and redeem him from the consequence of his disobedience.

[3] Oreb or Horeb, one of the eminences of Sinai; a mountain-range of Arabia Petræa, at the N. end of the Red Sea.

[4] Moses. See Exod. iii. 1.

In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos[1]: or if Sion hill[2]
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God[3]; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount[4], while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit[5], that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand[6] Parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The Mother of Mankind, what time[7] his pride
Had cast him out of Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. *Him the Almighty Power*

[1] Chaos, a Greek word, signifying a vast void, or confused mass of matter.

[2] A mountain on the S. side of Jerusalem.

[3] "The oracle of God"—the temple of Jerusalem.

[4] Aonia, an ancient name of Boeotia, a province of Greece, specially favoured by the Muses.

[5] The Spirit of God.

[6] Principal, or chief, as in *grand* juror, *Grand* Seignor, &c.

[7] "What time," a Latin idiom for *when*.

Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine[1] chains and penal fire
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night[2]
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed *huge* affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation, waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather *darkness visible*
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious[3]; here their prison ordained
In utter[4] darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of Heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There, the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub.[5] To whom the Arch-Enemy,

[1] That cannot be broken.
[2] As the poem begins before the creation, the poet does not use the terms *day* and *night*, definitively, but "*the space that measures*" day and night to mortal *men*.
[3] Spirits (understood).
[4] Utter—here used for outer.
[5] Beëlzebub, or "*the Lord of flies*," was worshipped at Ekron in Philistia.

And thence in Heaven called Satan[1], with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began: —

SATAN.

"If thou beest he; but O, how fallen, how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If[2] he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin! Into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And, what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power[3],
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods
And this empyreal[4] substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,

[1] Satan; in Hebrew, an *adversary*, or *enemy*.
[2] *Supply* the ellipsis (thou beest).
[3] *His power* .... who; *i. e.* the power of Him who &c., a Latin idiom.
[4] Made of fire.

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may, with more successful hope, resolve
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand[1] Foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."
So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair.
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

BEËLZEBUB.

"O Prince, O chief of many thronèd powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim[2] to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish; for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls[3]
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—

[1] See ante, line 29.
[2] Seraphim; *the Hebrew plural.*
[3] Thrall—a bond-servant, a slave.

SATAN.

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight[1],
As being the contrary to his[2] high will
Whom we resist. If then, his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling, and *the thunder*
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of Desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And re-assembling our afflicted[3] powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What re-inforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides

[1] With what force is the character of Satan comprised in these few words! To do good.... a task; to *do ill.... sole delight!*

[2] See ante, line 112.

[3] Beaten, struck down.

Prone on the flood, extended long and large[1],
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian[2] or earth-born, that warred on Jove;
Briareus[3], or Typhon[4], whom the den
By ancient Tarsus[5] held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan[6], which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays:
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That, with reiterated crimes, he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enraged, might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire:
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill

[1] Far and wide.
[2] Of Titan, who, according to the mythologists, was a son of Cælus (heaven), and Terra (earth).
[3] A huge monster with *fifty heads and a hundred arms.*
[4] Typhôn, a giant whom Juno produced by striking the earth.
[5] Tarsus, a town of Cilicia in Asia Minor.
[6] Leviathan, a huge sea-animal mentioned in Job, xli. 1.

Torn from Pelorus[1], or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian[2] flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

SATAN.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran[3], can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy,—will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more

[1] The ancient name of Cape Faro in Sicily.

[2] *Stygian*—infernal; from Styx, *the river of hate, which,* according to the poets, flowed nine times round the infernal regions.

[3] The Italian form of the word "Sovereign."

With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"
So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub

BEËLZEBUB.

Thus answered. "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled!
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."
He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
Was moving towards the shore: his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; *the broad circumference*
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist[1] views
At evening from the top of Fesolé[2]
Or in Valdarno[3], to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral[4], were but a wand
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless[5] he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legion, Angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallambrosa[6], where the Eturian shades
High over-arched, embower; or scattered sedge

[1] Galileo.
[2] A town of Tuscany, near Florence.
[3] Valdarno, or *Val d'Arno*; the valley of the Arno.
[4] Ammiral; *any large ship.*
[5] Nathless for *na-the-less*, or *not the less*; *i. e.* nevertheless.
[6] Now the Val d'Ombrone, or of Pistoja, one of the numerous valleys which follow the course of the rivers that flow into the Arno.

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion[1] armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry[2],
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen[3], who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels; so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded.

SATAN.

"Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven! once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue[4], for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
With scattered arms and ensigns; till anon[5]
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont[6] to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel[7];
Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod

[1] A constellation, whose rising and setting was believed to be accompanied by storms and rain.
[2] Pharaoh, and his Egyptian host.
[3] The Israelites.
[4] *Virtue* is here used in its Latin sense — *valour, courage.*
[5] Anon — in one (moment), soon.
[6] Accustomed, or used.
[7] "Nor did they not," &c., *i. e.* they did perceive; a double negative — a Latin idiom.

Of Amram's son[1], in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan[2] waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every squadron, and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great Commander; Godlike shapes, and forms
Excelling human; princely Dignities
And Powers that erst[3] in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions[4] full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.[5]

* * * * * *

[1] Moses. See Exod. vi. 20.
[2] Commander, or sovereign.
[3] *Erst*; up to the present time; the superlative form of "ere."
[4] Rites, ceremonies.
[5] Here follows a catalogue of the infernal spirits, whom the poet identifies with the various heathen deities of antiquity.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp; (yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself;) which[1] on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue; but he, his wonted pride
Soon re-collecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard: that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood[2]
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,

[1] The antecedent to "which" is the word "looks," in line 377.

[2] There were several kinds of musical scales, or modes, in use among *the ancients, supposed* to differ from each other in pitch and interval. The principal of these were, the Lydian, used at funerals; the Phrygian, on festive occasions; and the Dorian, in solemn processions.

Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced, in view they stand; a horrid[1] front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield;
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose: he through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon travèrse
The whole battalion views; their order due;
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes[2]; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra[3] with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes[4] and Ilium[5], on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son[6]
Begirt with British and Armoric[7] knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco[8], or Morocco[9], or Trebisond[10],
Or whom Biserta[11] sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.[12] Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander: *he above the rest,*
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost

[1] Rough, bristling.

[2] An allusion to the Pygmæi (pigmies), a fabulous nation of dwarfs, who, according to Homer, had every spring to sustain a war against the cranes. Hom. Il. iii. 5., &c.

[3] A place in Macedonia, where the giants attacked the gods.

[4] In the war between Eteocles and Polynices, which formed the subject of several Greek tragedies.

[5] Troy, in Asia Minor.

[6] King Arthur, a fabulous personage of *British legend.*

[7] Of Bretagne; from Armoricum, the old name of that province.

[8] Damascus, in Syria, 126 miles N.N.E. of Jerusalem.

[9] A city of Africa, 840 miles S.S.W. of Gibraltar.

[10] A city of Asiatic Turkey, on the Black Sea.

[11] A sea-port of Tunis, in Africa.

[12] A city and sea-port of Biscay, in Spain.

All her original brightness; nor appeared
Less than Arch-Angel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Arch-Angel, but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced [1]
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered [2]; as when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last,
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

SATAN.

" O Myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless but with the Almighty! and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?

[1] Punished by forfeiture.

[2] To understand the construction, see the verb " behold," line 460.

For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked: our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife[1]
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither, or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved."
He spake:—and, to confirm his words, *out-flew*
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell: highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly[2] top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire

[1] *Prevalently.* [2] Hideous, ugly.

Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon[1] led them on;
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures, better hid.[2] Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire[3]
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian[4] kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art[5], are easily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound

[1] A Syriac word, meaning "*riches.*"
[2] *See* Ovid, Metam. i. 138.
[3] *Wonder.*
[4] Egyptian.
[5] Monuments, strength, and art, are the subjects to the verb "are."

Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equalled, in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus[1] or Sérapis[2], their gods; or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately height: and straight the doors
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets[3], fed
With naphtha[4] and asphaltus[5], yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptered Angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the Supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unadored,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian[6] land
Men called him Mulciber[7]; and how he fell
From Heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos[8], the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout

[1] Belus, Bel, or Baal, the son of Nimrod, worshipped as a god.
[2] An Egyptian deity, supposed to be the same as Osiris.
[3] Any great light set upon a beacon or watch-tower.
[4] A thin, mineral, oily fluid, extremely inflammable.
[5] A pitchy substance, found on the surface of the Dead Sea.
[6] Ausonia; an ancient name of Italy.
[7] A surname of Vulcan.
[8] Now Stalimene.

Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
  Meanwhile, the wingèd heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium[1]; the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended: all access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field where champions bold
Wont[2] ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy the best of Panim[3] chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance,)
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate[4], and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow space
Throng numberless, like that Pygmæan race
Beyond the Indian mount[5]; *or fairy elves,*
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance

[1] Pandemonium — the palace of all demons, as Pantheon — the temple of all the gods.
[2] *Are accustomed to.*
[3] Pagan, infidel.
[4] Walk, or crawl about.
[5] See ante, line 430.

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent[1] and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

EXAMINATION ON BOOK I.

1. State the subject of the poem.
2. Quote some of the most beautiful passages in this book.
3. What is meant by the word "Beëlzebub," and where was this deity worshipped?
4. What means the word "Mammon?"
5. What is the general character of the poetry in this book?
6. From what languages does Milton draw many of his forms of expression?
7. What mythological allusions are there in this book?
8. What form of metre is adopted in this poem?
9. Explain it.
10. State some of the geographical references in this book.
11. Quote some comparisons, and other figures.
12. Quote some cases of words used in a Latin sense in this book.
13. What may be generally remarked of Milton's versification?
14. With whom does Milton identify the leaders of the fallen angels?
15. Explain the terms "Ausonia," and "Mulciber."
16. From what language is the word "Pandemonium" derived; and what does it mean?
17. What difference is there between a simile and a comparison? Give examples of both from this book.
18. Give the meaning of the word "Satan."
19. Explain the original meaning of the terms "expatiate," "horrent," "erst," "anon," "virtue," "afflict," and "adamantine."
20. What were the Lydian, Phrygian, and Dorian "modes"?

[1] Crowded together in great numbers.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The consultation begins. It is debated whether another battle shall be fought for the recovery of Heaven. The various speeches and opinions of the infernal Spirits on this point. Another proposal is made by Satan; to search for the truth of the prophecy in Heaven, concerning another world, and its inhabitant, Man. They doubt who shall undertake this search. Satan offers himself; he is applauded, and the council breaks up. While the rest employ themselves variously, Satan passes on his journey to Hell gates; with difficulty, he passes through the gulf between Hell and Heaven, to the sight of the New World.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus[1] or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—

SATAN.

"Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent,
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me[2] though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit[3]; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established[4] in a safe unenvied throne,

[1] An island in the Persian Gulf.
[2] "Me" is here the object to the verb "create" in the next line.
[3] "Created me your leader" is here understood.
[4] "Me" is understood after "established."

Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us[1]; and by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak."
He ceased; and next him, Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:—

MOLOCH.

"My sentence is for open war:—of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us choose,
Armed with Hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his Almighty engine, he shall hear

[1] Addison condemns this passage and "assured;" "prosper" and "prosperity." See Spectator. *for the play on the words "surer"*

Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean[1] sulphur, and strange fire
His own invented torments. But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is feared; should we again provoke
Our Stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise[2] us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than this
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then?[3] what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal[4] throne:

[1] From Tartarus; according to the poets, the place in the lower world where the spirits of the wicked are *punished for* their crimes.

[2] *Vex, trouble.*

[3] "What" is here used for "why;" *i. e.* why do we fear, why do we doubt, &c.

[4] Depending on fate.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, for his thoughts were low:
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:—

BELIAL.

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms[1],
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us:—that must be our cure,

[1] *An Italian idiom; fatto d'arme*, a battle.

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war; we are decreed,
Reserved and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With Heaven's afflicting[1] thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand[2] to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed[3], the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved[4],

[1] See book i. line 186.
[2] See Horace, od. 2. lib. i.
[3] *See Virgil*, Æneid, lib. i. line 45.
[4] *Milton frequently has* lines composed of three negative qualities; as here: — so Shakspere: — "Unhouseled, disappointed, unanneled." — *Hamlet*, act i. scene 1.

Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy[1], or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which, if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake: —

MAMMON.

"Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme

[1] The *y* in ignominy is here cut off in the scanning.

We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and, from our own,
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. * * * This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne[1]; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper, which must needs remove
The sensible[2] of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite

[1] See Psalm xviii. 11. 13.; and Psalm xcvii. 2.

[2] The neuter adjective used as a noun. (A Greek idiom.)

All thoughts of war:—ye have what I advise."
He scarce had finished, when *such murmur filled*
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long procéss of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspéct he rose, and *in his rising seemed*
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantéan[1] shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:—

BEËLZEBUB.

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire, doubtless! while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league

[1] Atlas, according to some of the ancient writers, was a powerful king, who possessed great knowledge of the courses of the stars, and was the first who taught men that heaven had the form of a globe. Hence the saying that heaven rested on his shoulders was regarded as a mere figurative mode of expression.

Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for He, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What[1] sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; * * * What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not,) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favoured more
Of Him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference[2] confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: Here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny[3] inhabitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise

[1] See above, line 88.
[2] See Iliad, lib. i. 530.
[3] "*Puny*," in its original sense, meant, "born afterwards or since;' puis (depuis) né; Fr.

In his disturbance; when his darling[1] sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires."—Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: * *
* * * * * * The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt[2] with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure[3] find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt[3], ere he arrive[4]
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection; and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared

[1] Darling, a diminutive of "dear."
[2] Attempt.
[3] "Palpable *obscure* .... vast *abrupt*." *Grecisms; see line 257.*
[4] Arrive; literally, "to come *to* the shore."

To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—

SATAN.

"O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal[1] Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorned
With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,

[1] "Empyreal," from "Empyrean," the highest heaven; the word was *applied by philosophers* to the fiery element supposed to exist above the ethereal.

Terror of Heaven, though fallen! intend[1] at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me:"—Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst[2] they feared;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once, was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven:
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,

[1] Consider.

[2] "Up to the present time."

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy[1]:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That, day and night, for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:—
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
Alone the Antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent[2] arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy[3],
By herald's voice explained; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.
Thence, more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or *sad choice*
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields[4];
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms

[1] An allusion to the civil war between Charles I. and the parliament.
[2] Rough, bristling.
[3] Alchemy, used for trumpets, by the figure metonymy, when a thing *is expressed by circumstances* connected with it; as here the metal for the instrument.
[4] Celebrated Grecian games; the Olympian held at Olympia, in Elis; the Pythian, near the temple of Apollo at Delphi, in Phocis.

From either end of Heaven the welkin[1] burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan[2] rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides[3], from Œchalia[4] crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; * * * *
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
(For eloquence[5] the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retired
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate.
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorrèd Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocýtus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.[6]

[1] The expanse of clouds.
[2] Typhœan, from Typhôn; a giant celebrated in Greek mythology.
[3] Alcides (Hercules) was driven mad by the poison contained in a garment steeped in the blood of the centaur Nessus which Deïanira his wife had sent him, imagining it would be the means of preserving her husband's affection.
[4] A town in Eubœa, destroyed by Hercules, according to Strabo.
[5] Charms (understood).
[6] The etymology of the names of these rivers agrees with this description; Styx, Acheron, Cocýtus, and Phlegethon, signifying respectively, Hate, Sorrow, Lamentation, and Flame.

Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth[1], whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; * * the parching air
Burns frore[2], and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled[3]
At certain revolutions, all the damned
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethéan sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa[4] with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight[5], as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus.[6] Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,

[1] Lethe—Forgetfulness. This passage is a beautiful example of our poet's power in adapting sound to sense.

[2] Frosty. [3] Hauled.

[4] One of the Gorgons; an imaginary phantom, whose face was of so fearful an appearance, that it turned *the beholder to stone.*

[5] Wight, an individual.

[6] Tantalus, a king of Lydia, who is represented as punished in hell by having everything gratifying to the senses placed within his reach, but snatched away the moment he attempted to possess himself of it.—Hence our word "tantalize."

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.
* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, the Adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore[1], whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. * * * * *
* * * *On a sudden open fly*
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus.[2] She[3] opened, but to shut
Excelled her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
So wide they stood, and, like a furnace mouth,
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, and where Eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise

[1] Two islands in the Indian Archipelago.
[2] A son of Chaos: the name means darkness, and was applied to the gloomy space under the earth through which the shades passed into Hades.
[3] Sin, the portress of hell-gates.

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry[1], four champions fierce
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's[2] torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter
Chance governs all. * * * *
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and looked awhile,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed
With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small,) than when Bellona[3] storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. *At last his sail-broad vans*
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb[4] down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stayed,
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis[5], neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh foundered on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.

[1] See Ovid's Metamorph., lib. i. 19.
[2] A city and province of N. Africa.
[3] The goddess of war among the *Romans.*
[4] "Plumb" down;—from *plumbum*, lead; *i. e.* as lead.
[5] A quicksand.

As when a griffon, through the wilderness
With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian[1], who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus[2] and Hades[2], and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon[2]; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

SATAN.

To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: "Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos, and ancient Night! I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound[3]; direct my course;

[1] A one-eyed people of Scythia, who are said to have made war on the griffins — monsters who collected the gold of the *river Arimaspias*.

[2] Deities of the infernal regions.

[3] The neuter adjective for the noun.

Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway,
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night:
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!"
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,

CHAOS.

Answered: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; *for such a numerous host*
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Poured out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroached on still through your intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed!
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."
He ceased; and Satan stayed not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renewed,
Springs upward, *like a pyramid of fire,*
Into the wild expanse; and, through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environed, wins his way; harder beset
And more endangered, than when Argo[1] passed
Through Bosporus, betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned

[1] The name of the vessel in which, according to a Greek tradition, the first expedition was made to Colchis to fetch away the golden fleece.

Charybdis[1], and by the other whirlpool[1] steered.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on; with difficulty and labour he:—
* * * * * * *
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less, and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port[2], though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught[3] with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursèd hour, he hies.

EXAMINATION ON BOOK II.

1. Describe the course of action of the poem in this book.
2. Give the names and characters of the speakers in the infernal council.
3. State the general drift of their respective speeches.
4. With what expressions do the critics find fault in this book?
5. What classical parallels may be quoted?
6. Explain the terms "*welkin*," and "*puny*."
7. Give the names of the four rivers of the infernal regions, and their meanings.

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[1] Scylla and Charybdis; the names of two rocks between Italy and Sicily. On the one nearest to Italy, dwelt, according to Homer, Scylla, a fearful monster, barking like a dog, with twelve feet and six mouths. On the opposite rock dwelt Charybdis, who three times a-day swallowed the waters of the sea, and threw them up again. Both were formidable to ships.

[2] See Horace, lib. i. od. 14.

[3] Laden.

8. Who was Tantalus? and what English word is derived from this name?
9. Quote one or two of the most beautiful passages in this book.
10. Who was Bellona?
11. What was the Argonautic expedition; by whom undertaken, and for what purpose?
12. Explain the construction of the passage beginning "Me, though just right," line 18.
13. What means the term cæsural pause?
14. Scan the first ten lines of this book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The poet's Invocation to Light. God the Father, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created, and shows him to the Son, who sits at his right hand. Meanwhile, Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb. Here, wandering, he finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity. The place and its inhabitants described. Satan now comes to the gate of Heaven; and thence to the orb of the Sun. Here he finds Uriel, Regent of the Sun; but first changes himself into the appearance of a meaner angel, and pretending a desire to behold the New Creation, and Man, inquires of him the place of his habitation. He is directed by Uriel, and alights on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light[1], offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight

[1] The first fifty-five lines, which introduce this book, contain the "Invocation to Light." They are very *beautiful, and particularly* interesting when we remember that the poet was, at the time they were written, afflicted with blindness.

Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene[1] hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown;
Blind Thamyris[2], and blind Mæonides[3],
And Tiresias[4], and Phineus[5], prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine[6];
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

[1] A kind of blindness called "*gutta serena*," arising from derangement or disease of the nerves of the eye.

[2] An ancient bard of Thrace, who was deprived of his sight because he was so conceited as to think he could surpass the Muses in singing.

[3] As Homer was by some believed *to have been a native of Mæonia* (the ancient name of Lydia), he is sometimes called "*Mæonides*."

[4] A celebrated soothsayer of Thebes, blind from his seventh year.

[5] A blind seer, who had received his prophetic powers from Apollo.

[6] The pupil's attention is here directed to the beautiful effect of the repetition of the conjunction "or."

So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan[1] where He sits
High-throned above all height, bent down his eye
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind in the happy garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
In blissful solitude; he then surveyed
Hell, and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seemed
Firm land embosomed, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son, foreseeing, spake[2]:—

* * * * * * *

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance filled
All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially expressed; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appeared,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake[3]:—

* * * * * * *

[1] See book ii. line 389.

[2] God the Father here foretels *Satan's success* in perverting man; *and yet declares that* he will bestow his grace on man, as he will fall by the temptation of Satan.

[3] The Son of God praises the Father for his divine mercy towards

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;
Immortal amaranth[1], a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Empurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.
Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite[2],
Eternal King; the Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear,

man; but God the Father declares that man cannot be saved without the satisfaction of Divine justice. God the Son offers himself as a ransom for man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, and commands the angels to adore him above all names in heaven and earth.

[1] The amaranth, from the durability of its flowers, was considered by the poets as an emblem of immortality.

[2] See book ii. line 181.

Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee, next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heaven of Heavens and all the Powers therein
By thee created; and by thee threw down
The aspiring Dominations; thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarrayed.
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on Man: him through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offered himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed
From Chaos, and the inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seemed, now seems a boundless continent,

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest loud:
Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaüs[1] bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes[2], Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana[3], where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend
Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aëreal vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had filled the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not in the neighbouring moon as some have dreamed;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-joined sons and daughters born

[1] A mountain of Scythia.

[2] One of the five *rivers of the Punjaub, now called the Jhilum, or Behut.*

[3] *Sericana terra*, the land of the Seres, an eastern nation, supposed by some to have been the Chinese.

First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renowned:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaär, and still with vain design,
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he, who, to be deemed
A god, leaped fondly into Ætna's flames,
Empedocles[1]; and he, who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,
Cleombrotus[2]; and many more too long,
Embryos, and idiots, eremites[3], and friars
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.

* * * * * * *

All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed,
And long he wandered, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turned thither-ward in haste
His travelled steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz[4]
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven."[5]
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt[6] in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.

[1] A philosopher of Agrigentum, in Sicily, who flourished about 444 years before Christ.

[2] An academic philosopher of Ambracia, who is said to have thrown *himself down a precipice to* exchange *this life for a better.*

[3] Eremite, a hermit; one who lives in solitude, from ἐρῆμος, a desert.

[4] The original name of Bethel, a border city between the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin.

[5] See Genesis xxviii. 10—12. &c.

[6] Hurried along (Lat. raptus).

The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which opened from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behest his angels to and fro
Passed frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas[1], the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsheba[2], where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Look down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, *at last by break of cheerful dawn*
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade,) from eastern point
Of Libra to the *fleecy star* that bears
Andromeda[3] far off Atlantic seas

[1] The Jordan is formed by the junction of two small streams; one issuing from a spacious cavern near the village of Paneas; the other rising at Tel-el-Kadi, about three miles west of Paneas.

[2] A town *in Judæa, twenty-seven* miles S. of Hebron; at the S. extremity of Canaan.

[3] A daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia. To free the country from an inundation, she was bound to a rock, and delivered over to a sea monster. Perseus slew the monster,

Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure *marble* air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds;
Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens[1] famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He staid not to inquire: Above them all
The golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
Allured his eye; thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament: — * * * *
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube[2] yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike informed
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate[3], and a stone besides
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes[4], and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus[5] from the sea,
Drained through a limbeck to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run

and married Andromeda. Athena (Minerva) placed her, after her death, among the stars.

[1] The gardens of the Hesperides, who guarded the famous golden apples given to Hera (Juno) on her marriage with Zeus (Jupiter).

[2] An allusion to Galileo's invention.

[3] See Exod. xxii. 17—21.

[4] Mercury.

[5] According to the poets, the prophetic old man of the sea, who had the power to assume every possible shape. This he did to escape the necessity of prophesying.

Potable[1] gold, when with one virtuous touch
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,
No where so clear, sharpened his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious[2] on his shoulders fledged with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employed
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay;
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore
Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct[3], *and held*
Before his decent[4] *steps a silver wand.*
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,
Admonished by his ear, and straight was known

[1] That can be drunk.
[2] Brightly shining.
[3] Girt up; bound round his loins.
[4] Graceful, comely.

The Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:—

SATAN.

"Uriel, for thou of those seven Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixèd seat, or fixèd seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise,
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways."
So spake the false dissembler unperceived,
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus returned:—

URIEL.

"Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from Heaven, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
With borrowed light her countenance triform[1]
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."
Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel;
Nor stayed, till on Niphates'[2] top he lights.

EXAMINATION ON BOOK III.

1. Why was Homer sometimes called Mæonides?
2. Who were Thamyris, Tiresias, and Phineus?

[1] Diana, the goddess of hunting, was supposed to be the same as the moon (Phœbe) in heaven, and Persephone or Hecate in the infernal regions:—hence she was called "*Triformis.*"

[2] A mountain in Armenia.

3. What signifies the term "empyrean"?
4. Where is the river Hydaspes?
5. What country is meant by "Sericana"?
6. Who were Empedocles, and Cleombrotus?
7. Explain the term "eremite."
8. Who was Andromeda?
9. What is the Greek name for the god Mercury?
10. What were the Hesperian gardens?
11. Quote some striking passages from this book.
12. What is the original meaning of the word "succinct"?
13. Give examples of several poetical figures from this book.
14. Where is Mount Niphates?
15. Why was Diana called "Triformis"?

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, doubts of his success. The address to the Sun. Confirmed in evil, he reaches Paradise, and overleaps its bounds. Paradise described, and the happy state of Adam and Eve; Satan determines to compass their destruction. He discovers the condition of their happiness, and resolves to tempt them to transgress. Meanwhile, Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel that an Evil Spirit had entered the garden. Night comes on. Gabriel appoints two Angels to guard Adam's bower. They find Satan at Eve's ear, tempting her in a dream, and bring him to Gabriel. When questioned, he answers scornfully, and prepares to resist; but, warned by a sign from Heaven, he flies from Paradise.

O, FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse[1], heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon[2], put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warned
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:
Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth

[1] The Revelation, from ἀποκαλύπτω, *(apokalùpto)*, I reveal or disclose.

[2] See Revelation, xii. 7—9.

Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place[1]: now conscience wakes despair,
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:—

SATAN.

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight *all the stars*
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what height
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King:
Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdeined[2] subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still received,

[1] Compare book i. line 254., et seq.

[2] "'Sdeined," for disdained; from the Ital. "sdegnare."

And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not? some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe,
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath[1], and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep[2]
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent: Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits[3] beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: Such joy ambition finds.
But say[4] I could repent, and could obtain,

[1] Wrath is the object of the verb "fly."

[2] An example of the figure *hyperbole, which consists in magnifying* or diminishing an object beyond reality.

[3] The word "Spirits" must be scanned as one syllable.

[4] Suppose.

By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which[1] would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace;
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell, hope; and with hope, farewell, fear;
Farewell, remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know."
Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair;
Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge:—
* * * * * * *
So on he fares[2], and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,

[1] The antecedent to "which" is "feigned submission," line 96.

[2] Journeys.

A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:
On which the *sun more glad impressed his beams*
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape: And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: *Now gentle gales,*
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean[1] odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better pleased
Than Asmodëus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.[2]
Now to the ascent of that steep savage[3] hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow,
But further way found none, so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of man or beast that passed that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east

[1] From Saba (or Sheba), the capital of a district of Arabia Felix on the borders of the Red Sea, in the N. part *of the modern* Yemen.

[2] See the book of Tobit. Apocrypha, iii.

[3] Covered with wood.

On the other side: which when the Arch-Felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained; and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound[1]
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb[2] this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle and the highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant. * * *
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth; for blissful Paradise[3]
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia[4], built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar[5]; in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial[6] fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,

[1] Another example of play upon words. See book ii. line 37.

[2] The old form of the past tense of "to climb."

[3] The beautiful description of Paradise, beginning at the words "for blissful Paradise," down to line 248., is among the finest specimens of descriptive poetry in our language.

[4] A town of Assyria, on the W. bank of the Tigris, built by Seleucus Nicator; it was a heap of ruins in the time of the emperor Julian.

[5] See Genesis, xiv. 9.

[6] Ambrosia was the food of the gods, by which their immortality was confirmed.

Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams[1],
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise; thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees *wept odorous gums and balm,*
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable[2], Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous[3] valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose
Another side, umbrageous[4] grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringèd bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan[5],

[1] Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. See Genesis ii. 10—14.
[2] *Lovely.*
[3] Well watered.
[4] Shady.
[5] Pan, according to Servius, a

Knit with the Graces[1] and the Hours[2] in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. * * * Here the Fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seemed lords of all:
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine[3] locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway.
* * * * * * *
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr[4], and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,

commentator on Virgil, was considered as the god of Nature, or a personification of the Universe. Hence his name Πᾶν, all, or the whole.

[1] The Graces (or Charites), the goddesses of joy and gracefulness. Their names, according to Hesiod, were Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne.

[2] Personifications or goddesses of the order of nature or the seasons.

[3] Dark-coloured.

[4] Zephyrus, the west wind.

Still as they thirsted, scooped the brimming stream.
* * * * About them frisking played
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian[1] twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
Declined, was hasting now with prone[2] career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad.
"O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heavenly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.
Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is entered:— * * * * Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,

[1] An allusion to the "Gordian" knot, which fastened the yoke to the beam of a celebrated chariot at Gordium in Phrygia with such intricacy, that the ends of the cord could not be perceived.

[2] Downward.

Thank him who puts me, loth, to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor."
So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action marked: About them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then, rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,
Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.

ADAM.

"Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys;
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof He hath need; He who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
* * * Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

EVE.

To whom thus Eve replied:—"O thou for whom
And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to Him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me.'
* * * What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth watery image: Back I turned;
Thou following criedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve;
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half:' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
And wisdom which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
On our first father: Aside the Devil turned
For envy; yet with *jealous leer malign*
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained: —

SATAN.

"Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms;
* * * while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfilled with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gained
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! * * * *
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering Spirit of Heaven by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learned. Live while ye may,

Ye happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed!"
So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspéct
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levelled his evening rays: *it was a rock*
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
* * * * * * *
Thither came Uriel, *gliding through the even*
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: He thus began in haste:—

URIEL.

"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I described his way
Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait;
But in the mount[1] that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: One of the banished crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.
To whom the wingèd warrior thus returned:—

[1] Niphates. See book iii. line 429.

GABRIEL.

"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
See far and wide: In at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: If Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."
* * * * * * *

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus[1]*, that led*
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

ADAM.

When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair Consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. * * * *
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring[2], and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:

[1] The evening star. [2] For manœuvring (management).

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:—

EVE.

"My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: * * * *
Sweet is the breath of Morn[1], her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers·
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these; for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"
To whom our general ancestor replied:—

ADAM.

"Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep[2]:

[1] See an imitation of this passage in Cowper's Task—The Sofa, line 89. Milton.

[2] *On the poet's belief* in a world of spirits, see Channing's Essay on

All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift the thoughts to Heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chosen by the Sovran Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use; *the roof*
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem: Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of Man. * * *
Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky, adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole:—"Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employed,
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and, uncropped, falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went. * * *
Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
Half-way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim,
Forth issuing at the accustomed hour, stood armed
To their night watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:—

GABRIEL.

"Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle spirits he called
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:—
"Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearched no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams.
* * * * * * *
Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: Up he starts
Discovered and surprised. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store

Against a rumoured war, the smutty[1] grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stepped those two fair Angels, half amazed
So sudden to behold the grisly[2] king;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:—

ITHURIEL.

"Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged to Hell
Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and, transformed,
Why sat'st thou, like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"

SATAN.

"Know ye not then, said Satan, filled with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?"
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn:—

ZEPHON.

"Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminished brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul."
So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: *Abashed the Devil stood,*
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impaired; yet seemed

SATAN.

Undaunted:—"If I must contend," said he,
"Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost."—"Thy fear," said Zephon bold,

[1] Dirty, black.—Germ. schmuzig. [2] Ugly, hideous.

" Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak."
The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quelled
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron joined,
Awaiting next command. To whom their Chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud: —

GABRIEL.

" O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way; and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours."
He scarce had ended, when those two app
And brief related whom they brought, wher
How busied, in what form and posture couc
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel

GABRIEL.

" Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bound
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the ch
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place
Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and thc
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in b
To whom thus Satan *with contemptuous l*

SATAN.

" Gabriel! thou hadst in Heaven the este
And such I held thee; but this question ask
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves hi
Who would not, finding way, break loose fro
Though thither doomed?—Let him surer ba
His iron gates, if he intends our stay

In that dark durance: Thus much what was asked.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm."
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied:—

GABRIEL.

"O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment!
* * * * * * *
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."
To which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern:—

SATAN.

"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting Angel! well thou knowest I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:
I, therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air."
To whom the warrior Angel soon replied:—

GABRIEL.

"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed[1] thee now, avaunt;
Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour
Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred."
So threatened he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied:—

SATAN.

"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud *limitary* Cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved."
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears. * * *
* * On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
Collecting all his might, *dilated stood,*
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield: Now dreadful deeds

[1] Award.

Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in, Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea[1] and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weighed,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: In these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend:—

GABRIEL.

"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine:
Neither our own, but given: For proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;
Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist."—The Fiend looked up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: Nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

EXAMINATION ON BOOK IV.

1. What various passions does Milton represent as agitating Satan in his address to the sun?
2. Give an example of hyperbole in this book, and explain the figure.
3. What descriptions remarkable for their beauty are found in the fourth book?
4. What is meant by Sabæan?
5. What is the general character of the poetry in this book?
6. Who built Seleucia? and where was it formerly situated?
7. Where is Eden supposed to have been situated?
8. Give some examples of forcible epithets from this book.
9. In what sense are the words "irriguous," "hyacinthine," "amiable," "prone," and "grisly," used?
10. Explain the classical allusions to Pan, the Hours, and the Graces.
11. Which is the most forcibly drawn character in the poem?
12. Explain the allusion to the Gordian knot, line 292.
13. Who was Astrea?
14. Quote some of the most striking passages in this book.
15. Extract a comparison from the fourth book.
16. What is signified by Epic poetry?

[1] A mythological personage, daughter of Zeus (Jupiter) and Themis (Justice). She lived on earth during the golden age, but afterwards was placed among the constellations of the Zodiac under the name of *Virgo*.

DRAMATIC POETRY.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
ANTONIO, *the usurping Duke of* Milan, *Brother to* Prospero.
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of* Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
MIRANDA, *Daughter to* Prospero.
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.—A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Shipmaster *and a* Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely[1], or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the topsail: tend to the master's whistle.

[1] Quickly, nimbly.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have a care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence; trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present[1], we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot,—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling!

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[2] cheated of our lives by drunkards.— This wide-chapped rascal; Would thou might'st lie drowning, The washing of ten tides!

[1] Make the storm cease at the present (moment).

[2] Positively.

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.[1]
[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!
We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell brother! We split, we split, we split!—
Ant. Let us all sink with the king. [*Exit.*
Seb. Let us take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Miran. If, by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down burning pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature[2] in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting[3] souls within her.
Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
Miran. O, woe the day!
Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

[1] To swallow him up.
[2] Some person of rank.
[3] Making the freight.

Miran. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his Mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down:
For thou must now know further.
Miran. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding,—"Stay, not yet."—
Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.[1]
Miran. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Miran. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.
Miran. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

[1] *Not three years completed.*

Miran. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued.
Miran. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, we were heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Miran. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[1] that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the seignories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: these being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Miran. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for overtopping[2]; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed them,
Or else new-formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts in the state
To what tune pleased his ear; *that now he was*
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.
Miran. O good sir, I do.
Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

[1] Sorrow, trouble.
[2] To check when too ambitious: *trash is a technical term* of hunting, applied to a rein which holds in a dog, that overtops, *i. e.* outstrips, the other dogs in his speed.

To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He, being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revénue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie[1],—he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Miran. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he played,
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown[2], and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Miran. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother:—
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu of[3] the premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight

[1] By telling a lie, he made his memory such a sinner unto truth, as to credit his own lie: that is, by so indulging *in the falsehood, he at* length forgot that it was false, and believed it to be true.

[2] *Ducal* coronet, to a regal crown.

[3] In exchange for.

Fated[1] to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and in the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy *crying*[2] self.
Miran. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to it.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Miran. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few[3], they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us; *to sigh*
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Miran. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pros. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked[4] the sea with drops full salt.
Miran. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with

[1] Determined upon.
[2] Observe the graphic effect produced by this one word in the passage, — *thy crying* self.
[3] In a few words; in short.
[4] Sprinkled.

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Miran. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Miran. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady[1], hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou can'st not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come; I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be it to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[2]
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,

[1] Propitious mistress. [2] Power, nature.

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join; Jove's lightnings, the precursors
Of the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[1]
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation: All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leaped.
Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left *cooling of the air with sighs,*
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest of the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes[2], there she is hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest of the fleet,

[1] *Noise*, tumult. [2] Bermudas.

Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote[1],
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wracked,
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time of the day?
Ari. Past the mid season:
Pros. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more.[2]
Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep: —
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins of the earth,
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast: Where was she born?
speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.[3]
Pros. O, was she so? I must,

[1] Sea.
[2] Say no more.
[3] Algiers.

Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgettest. This witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift[1]
Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honoured with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.
Pros. Dull thing, I say so, he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pros. If thou more murmurest, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?

[1] A crack or chink: — from "to rive."

Pros. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Miran. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Miran. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him[1]: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?[2]

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister ye all over.

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[3]
Shall, for that vast[4] of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

[1] Do without him.
[2] An expression of impatience.
[3] Hedgehogs.
[4] Space.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou did'st not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race[1],
Though thou did'st learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who had'st deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid[2] you,
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

[1] *Natural disposition.* [2] Kill, destroy.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have and kissed,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear, &c. &c.

Ferd. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Ferd. The ditty does remember[1] my drowned father:
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes[2]:—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Miran. What is't? a spirit?
Pros. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and has such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wrack; and but he's something stained
With *grief, that's beauty's canker,* thou might'st call him

[1] Remind me of. [2] Owns.

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Miran. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Ferd. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request[1]
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
Miran. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Ferd. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Ferd. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wracked.
Miran. Alack, for mercy!
Ferd. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
Pros. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have changed eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Miran. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Ferd. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

[1] Chief question.

Pros. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Ferd. No, as I am a man.
Miran. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. Follow me.—
[*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
Ferd. No;
I will resist such entertainment[1], till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Miran. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[2]
Pros. What, I say,
My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Miran. Beseech you, father!
Pros. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Miran. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!

[1] Treatment. [2] Of good birth, and not timorous.

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Miran. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey: [*To* FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.
Pros. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERD. *and* MIRAN.
Hark, what thou else shall do me. [*To* ARIEL.
Miran. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT I.

1. Of how many scenes does this act consist?
2. What characters are introduced in the first scene?
3. What does the first scene represent?
4. Describe the characters of Prospero and Miranda, as far as can be done from a perusal of this act.
5. Which poetic power is more displayed in this drama; fancy, or imagination?
6. Quote some striking passages from this act.
7. Define "Dramatic Poetry."
8. What peculiar power has Shakspere exhibited in the characters of *Caliban and Ariel?*

9. Explain the meaning of the terms "fraughting," "teen," "yarely," "glut," "decked," "quality," "coil," "rift," and "owe."
10. What does the second scene in this act represent?
11. Describe what occurs in this scene.
12. In what part of the world is the scene laid?
13. What part does Ariel play in this scene?
14. Describe the character of Caliban.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant[1],
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate[2], she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir

[1] Trading vessel, and the trader. [2] Opinion.

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!
Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swollen that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneeled to, and impórtuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end of the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.[1]
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in.
It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. In the commonwealth I would by contraries

[1] The best part, or the most precious of what is lost.

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth[1], vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use[2] to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find,
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

[1] Cultivation of the earth, from "to till." [2] Are in the habit of laughing.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.—
[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality[1] of the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent:
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Prithee say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earthed) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive,—

[1] Nature.

'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrowned.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drowned?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life[1]; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man in the moon's too slow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again;
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo;—I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

[1] Farther off than the life of man would be long enough to reach.

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater[1] than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kybe[2],
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[3] be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye[4] might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I, the king, shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master, through his art, foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:

[1] More neatly.
[2] A chilblain.
[3] Crystallized, frozen up.
[4] Ever.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware;
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They awake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?[1]
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn:—There was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, in the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
[*Aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burthen of Wood.—A noise of Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[2] a disease! His spirits hear me,

[1] Why have you your swords drawn?
[2] Parts of the size of an inch.

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows [1], pitch me i'the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe [2] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometimes am I
All wound [3] with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness: — Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing in the wind. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: a strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man [4]; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit [5] to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine [6]; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die a-shore; —

[1] Dwarfish forms.
[2] Make grimaces, or distortions of the mouth.
[3] Twisted round.
[4] Be the making of a man's fortune.
[5] A small coin.
[6] A coarse outer coat.

This is a very sorry tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Do you put tricks upon us with salvages[1], and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling;
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here's that which will give language to you; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be — But he is drowned; and these —— O! defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come.

Trin. Stephano, —

Ste. Mercy! Mercy! I will leave him.

Trin. Stephano! — If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. Thou art very

[1] Savages.

Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke: — But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm o'erblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out of the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: —I afeard of him? — a very weak monster: — the man in the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o'the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: I could find in my heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels[1] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again

Cal. *Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.*

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca — Caliban,
Has a new master — Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The meaning of this word is undetermined, but it is supposed to be a small shell-fish (perhaps limpet?) which adheres to the rocks.

EXAMINATION ON ACT II.

1. Describe the course of the action in this act.
2. Of how many scenes does it consist?
3. Where is the first scene laid, and what characters are introduced in it?
4. Quote some striking passages from the first scene.
5. By what characters are the comic scenes in this drama upheld?
6. Explain the terms "tilth," "kybe," "inchmeal," "moe," "doit," and "gaberdine."
7. What saying (in a speech of Trinculo's) in the second scene, has passed into a proverb?
8. What is meant by the "golden age," to which Gonzalo refers in the first scene?
9. In what scenes of this act is the dialogue in prose?
10. What songs belong to this act?
11. What figure of speech is exemplified in Francisco's speech, beginning— "I saw him beat the surges"?

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Ferd. There be some sports are painful; and their labour
Delight in them sets off[1]: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Miran. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!

[1] Compensates for.

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you [1]; My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
Ferd. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Miran. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while.
Ferd. No, precious creature:
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Miran. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And your's it is against.
Pros. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
Miran. You look wearily.
Ferd. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
Miran. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest [2] to say so!
Ferd. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Miran. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

[1] When green wood is burning, it frequently emits an acid, which makes a hissing noise.

[2] Command.

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Beside yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Ferd. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul speak; —
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Miran. Do you love me?

Ferd. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what[1] else in the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Miran. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Ferd. Wherefore weep you?

Miran. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give: — but this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

Ferd. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Miran. My husband then?

Ferd. Ay, with a heart as willing,
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

[1] Whatever.

Miran. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Ferd. A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt* FERD. *and* MIRAN.

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another part of the Island.*

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water: not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board them: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? The folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else?

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe:
I'll not serve him, he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable. Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. — The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased,
To hearken once *again to the* suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. [*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou darest;
But this thing dare not

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this!
I do beseech thy greatness give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther:—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
In the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand[1] with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them,
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not,
One spirit to command: They all do hate him
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, my lord.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll[2] the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout, 'em and cout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

[1] Windpipe. [2] Sing gaily.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches,
Ready to drop on me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin[1], I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached[2] with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he's drowned

[1] *By our Ladykin,* the Virgin. [2] Affected.

Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEB.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
We will take thoroughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemned them.
Gon. If, in Naples,
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certès, these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well. [*Aside.*
Alon. I cannot too much muse[1]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

[1] *Wonder at.*

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. Praise in departing.[1] [*Aside.*
Fran. They vanished strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh?[2] or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one[3], will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy*[4]; *claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument[5] this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you, 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with be-mocked-at stabs

[1] Do not praise too soon, lest you find yourself disappointed.

[2] An allusion to the disease called cretinism or goître, which shows itself by large excrescences in the neck.

[3] A "putter out" was one who, before undertaking a dangerous journey, deposited a sum of money to receive a larger sum if he returned in safety. The rate for a long voyage was *five for one.*

[4] All the rest of this scene seems suggested by Virgil. See the Æneid, book iii. line 245.

[5] Hath to instrument — uses as means.

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[1] that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like[2] invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.[3]

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes[4], *and carry out the table.*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou [*Aside.*
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say; so, with good life[5],
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drowned)
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

Gon. In the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

[1] Feather.
[2] Equally.
[3] Virtuous life *for the future.*
[4] To "mop and mowe;" is to mope and mouth, *i. e.* to make grimaces.
[5] Alacrity.

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son in the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstacy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT III.

1. How is the plot continued in this act?
2. What characters are engaged in the first scene?
3. What takes place in the second scene?
4. Explain some peculiarities of language in this scene.
5. Describe the course of action in the third scene.
6. What may be said of the character of Gonzalo?
7. What reference does Sebastian make to the unicorn and phœnix; and what fables were related of these supposed animals?
8. What means the term "dowle?"
9. Who were the Harpies, and in what ancient poet are they mentioned?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely[1] stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Ferd. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter.
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pros. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, "come," and "go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "so, so;"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe.[2]
Do you love me, master? no?
Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive.
Pros. Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary[3],
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque.

* * * * * * *

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,

[1] Wonderfully.
[2] See note [4], p. 111.
[3] An additional number.

Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.
Ferd. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Miran. Never till this day,
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,
As if you were dismayed; be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air[1]:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[2] *behind: We are such stuff*
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep: Sir I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Ferd. Miran. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
Pros. Come with a thought:—I thank thee:—Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending

[1] Tenuesque recessit in auras. Æneid lib. ii. v. 791.
[2] A "rack" is the feathery appearance of the last portion we see of a vanishing cloud.

Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked[1] colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
In the filthy mantled[2] pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Pros. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[3] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers:—I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering Apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us:—do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak softly,
All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

[1] Young, that have not yet been mounted.

[2] Covered with filth.

[3] A bait or decoy.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. Steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about. PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, *Mountain,* hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, *Silver!*
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, *Tyrant,* there, hark, hark!
[CAL. STE. and TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain![1]
Ari. Hark! they roar.
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly: at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air of freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT IV.

1. What points in the character of Prospero are developed in this act?
2. To what point does the action advance in this act?
3. How many scenes does it contain, and which characters are engaged in them?
4. In what sense are the words "strangely," "rack," and "stale" used in the foregoing scene?
5. Quote a fine passage from a speech of Prospero's in this act.
6. Wherein consists the beauty of this passage?

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.[2] How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

[1] Wild cat.

[2] Walks straight forward to the consummation of my expectations.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release.[1] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you termed, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"
His tears run down his beard like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though, with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: *the rarer action is*
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pros. *Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;*
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(*Weak masters though ye be*) *I have bedimmed*

[1] Till you set them free.

The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth,
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO: SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO, *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains[1],
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.—
Holy Gonzalo, venerable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[2] The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou followest, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly,
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou art pinched for it now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse[3] and nature; who with Sebastian

[1] *May* a solemn air, &c. cure thy brains; *i. e.* bring them back to reason.

[2] Shed sympathetic tears.

[3] Mercy.

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell. [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.[1]
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties of the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify[2] you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wracked upon this shore; where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe[3] for it, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pros. As great to me, as late[4]; and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker

[1] Limited.
[2] Prove.
[3] Sorry.
[4] As great as yours, and as lately happened.

Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, known for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wracked, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court; here I have few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in,
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at Chess.*

Miran. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Ferd. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Miran. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.[1]
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Ferd. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
I have cursed them without cause. [FERD. *kneels to* ALON.
Alon. Now all the blessings

[1] A game worthy of your merit.

Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cams't here.
Miran. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?
Ferd. Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* FERD. *and* MIRAN.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain, *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigged, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service } *Aside.*
Have I done since I went.
Pros. My tricksy spirit! }
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapped under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. Was't well done? } *Aside.*
Pros. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. }
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er man trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, singly I'll resolve you

(Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
These happened accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit. [*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen Apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself: for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies[1] which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges[2] of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true[3]: this mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch, and one so strong,
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robbed me: and this had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones.

[1] Eyes.
[2] A coat worn by servants as a mark of office.
[3] Honest.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pros. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.
Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on.
[*Pointing to* CAL.
Pros. He is as disproportioned in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.
Pros. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I doubt not, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these, our dear-belovèd, solemnized;
And thence retire me to Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I'll deliver all;[1]
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aside.*] Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Tell you the whole story.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

EXAMINATION ON ACT V.

1. What is the leading characteristic of Shakspere's poetry?
2. Quote a moral reflection from a speech of Prospero's in this act.
3. In the passage beginning "Ye elves of hills," is there more fancy, or imagination displayed?
4. Which of these two faculties is more prominent in the passage, "And as the morning steals upon the night"?
5. How is "versification" distinguished from "poetry"?
6. What may be remarked of Shakspere's versification?
7. What variety of style is there observable in this play?
8. Is it an excellence to introduce various styles into the same play? and if so, Why?
9. What may be observed of the song, "Where the bee sucks"?
10. How is the action of this drama brought to a close?
11. Describe briefly the various characters concerned in the plot.
12. What may be observed of the Epilogue?

MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *Sons to* Duncan.
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, MENTETH, ANGUS, CATHNESS, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
FLEANCE, *Son to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* English *Forces*
Young SIWARD, *Son to the Earl of* Northumberland.
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English *Doctor.*
A Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier.
A Porter.
An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.
Three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE, in the end of Act IV. in England; *through the rest of the Play, in* Scotland.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *An open Place. — Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's[1] done,
When the battle's lost and won:
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

[1] A tumultuous roaring of the elements.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin![1]
All. Paddock[2] calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vanish.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near* Forres. *Alarum within.*

Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding* Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art.
The merciless Macdonald from the western isles
Of[3] kernes[4] and gallowglasses[5] is supplied:—
But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion[6], carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As when the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break!
So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,

[1] A cat.
[2] A great frog, or toad (still an Essex word).
[3] *Of* is here used for *with*.
[4] Peasants, foot soldiers.
[5] Heavy-armed soldiers.
[6] Darling, favoured son.

Compelled their skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe: —
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both: — Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. *What a haste looks through his eyes!*
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom [1], lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; —

Dun. Great happiness! [2]

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at St. Colmès' inch [3],
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

[1] "Bellona's bridegroom" is here Macbeth. Bellona is alluded to in the Roman poets as the wife of Mars.

[2] Good fortune.

[3] Island.

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow[1],
All the quarters that they know
In the shipman's card.[2]
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have.
2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wracked, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

[1] To or towards (understood). [2] The compass.

All. The weird [1] sisters, hand in hand,
Posters [2] of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is it called to Forres? — What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her *choppy* finger laying
Upon her *skinny* lips: — You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — In the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical [3], or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having [4], and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt [5] withal; to me you speak not;
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

[1] From *wyrd*, Anglo-Saxon; a spoken word, in the same way as *fate* means originally something spoken. Observe, there are *three* weird sisters, as there were *three* Fates.

[2] Posters; those who ride post.

[3] Imaginary.

[4] Possession.

[5] Hurried out of his sober thoughts.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;
By Sinel's[1] death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: Whither are they vanished?
Macb. Into the air: and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stayed!
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root[2],
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

[1] Sinel was Macbeth's father.

[2] Henbane, which was supposed to take away the reason.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Whether he was combined with those of Norway;
Or did line[1] the rebel with hidden help
And vantage; or that with both he laboured
In his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home[2],
Might yet enkindle[3] you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word I pray you.

[*Speaks aside with* ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me an earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:

[1] Strengthen.
[2] Implicitly relied on.
[3] Incite.

My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single[1] state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come[2] upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—
My dull brain was wrought[3] with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—
[*To* BAN.] Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim[4] having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts to each other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied[5] in his death,

[1] Weak.
[2] Being come; a participle.
[3] Agitated.
[4] In the meantime.
[5] Resolved.

To throw away the dearest thing he owed[1]
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. *There's no art,*
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.[2]
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour which is not used for you:

[1] Owned.

[2] You deserve more than my whole wealth could pay.

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo, he is full so valiant[1];
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady Macb. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives[2] from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver to thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it:

[1] Quite as valiant as you have described.

[2] Messengers.

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round[1],
Which fate and metaphysical[2] aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.——What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady Macb. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have informed for preparation.
Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady Macb. Give him tending.
He brings great news. [*Exit* Attendant.
The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.[3] Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts[4], unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell[5] purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it![6] Come you murthering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall[7] thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

[1] Diadem.
[2] Supernatural.
[3] Lady Macbeth calls the servant out of breath, a hoarse, croaking raven.
[4] Designs of death.
[5] Fierce, cruel.
[6] Prevent the purpose being realised; as one would interfere to keep the peace between a passionate man and the object of his anger.
[7] Wrap up.

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the present.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady Macb. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady Macb. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters;—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: *look like the innocent flower,*
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady Macb. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants *of* Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle[1] senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honoured hostess!

[1] Placid, calm.

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love.
Lady Macb. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.[1]
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor[2]: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady Macb. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces[3] towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success[4]; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.[5]—But, in these cases,

[1] Beadsmen; bound to pray for you.
[2] Fore-runner.
[3] Favours.
[4] If when *'tis* done (when the murder is committed), it *were* done (the whole matter were finished, and attended with no evil consequences), *then* 'twere well it were done quickly (at once, without delay); if the assassination could trammel up the consequence (enclose the consequence as in a trammel (net)), and catch, with his surcease (Duncan's death), success.
[5] We would run the risk of what might happen in the life to come.

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties[1] so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers[2] of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other[3]——How now, what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady Macb. He has almost supped; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady Macb. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macb. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

[1] Power, authority.
[2] Invisible winds.
[3] On the other (side of the horse). The metaphor is taken from one vaulting into a saddle, who leaps over the horse, and falls on the other side.

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in the adage?[1]
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady Macb. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness[2] now
Does unmake you.
Macb. If we should fail,——
Lady Macb. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place[3],
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel[4] so convince[5],
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt[6] of reason
A limbeck[7] only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy[8] officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[9]
Macb. Will it not be received[10],
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done it?
Lady Macb. Who dares receive it other,

[1] Heywood's Proverbs, 1566. "The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feet."

[2] That their fitness: — that opportunity offered by time and place being both favourable.

[3] The sticking-place. The place where the screw (of a stringed instrument) sticks, when the string is *drawn up to its proper tension.*

[4] Good living; eating and drinking.

[5] Overpower.

[6] The receptacle.

[7] A limbeck; a vessel used in distilling.

[8] Soaked with wine.

[9] Murder.

[10] Understood.

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart must know.
[*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT I.

1. What is the subject of this play?
2. How is the action carried on up to the end of the first act?
3. What opinion can we form of Macbeth's character?
4. What may be said of Duncan?
5. Was the belief in witchcraft a common superstition in Shakspere's time?
6. How has he employed it in this drama?
7. What may be observed of the witches?
8. Is the interest excited in this tragedy historical, or poetical?
9. What is the leading idea to which all others are subservient in this drama?
10. What passion is most strongly excited in this tragedy?
11. Explain the terms "kernes," "weird," and "wassel."
12. Quote some moral reflections from this act.
13. Describe Lady Macbeth's character.
14. Quote some fine passages from this act.
15. What creation of character has Shakspere displayed in this drama?

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a Servant with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword: — There's husbandry[1] in heaven,
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too. —
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose! — Give me my sword; —

[1] Economy.

Enter MACBETH *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What sir, not yet at rest? The king is a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared [1],
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which [2] else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit* BANQUO.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Serv.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. [*Draws his dagger.*]
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;

[1] For the honour of Duncan's visit. [2] Which (will).

And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else[1] worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon[2], gouts[3] of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep:—Now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murther
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
Moves like a ghost.—*Thou sure and firm-set earth,*
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady Macb. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire:—
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shrieked,
The fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st good night.
He is about it: The doors are open;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores[4]:
I have drugged their possets[5],
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.
Macb. [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!
Lady Macb. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,

[1] Otherwise.
[2] Haft.
[3] Thick drops.
[4] Neglect their office of watching the king, by sleeping.
[5] Posset; a mixture of ale and milk, &c., commonly taken at bed-time.

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macb. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady Macb. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady Macb. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies in the second chamber?

Lady Macb. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady Macb. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried "murther!" that they did wake each other;
I stood, and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
And addressed them again to sleep.

Lady Macb. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;
As[1] they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady Macb. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macb. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murther sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave[2] of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Lady Macb. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

[1] *Just as if.*

[2] *Sfilacciare*, Ital.; to pull out the cross silk at the end of a ribbon.

" Glamis hath murthered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady Macb. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady Macb. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this, my hand, will rather
The multitudinous[1] sea incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady Macb. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.[2] [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
[*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Swarming with animals. [2] Forsaken you.

SCENE III.— *The same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.
Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!
Macb. Good morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipped the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physics[1] pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.[2] [*Exit* MACDUFF.
Len. Goes the king hence to day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard in the air; strange screams of death:
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatched to the woeful time,
The obscure bird[3] clamoured the livelong night:
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[1] Cures.
[2] Appointed office.
[3] The owl.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee!
Macb., Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life of the building.
Macb. What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon[1]:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murther! and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance[2] this horror! Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady Macb. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murther as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's murthered!
Lady Macb. Woe, alas! what, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

[1] The Gorgons were three sisters, one of whom, Medusa, was, according to Hesiod, originally a beautiful maiden. For some crime, her hair was changed into serpents by Minerva, after which, her head became of so frightful an appearance, that it turned the beholder into stone.
[2] Behold.

Re-enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead:
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it,
The spring, the head: the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.
Macd. Your royal father's murthered.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it:
Their hands and faces were all badged[1] with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows: they stared and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment?—No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murtherers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore[2]: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?
Lady Macb. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?[3]
Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an auger hole,

[1] Daubed.
[2] *Covered with* blood.
[3] Who have most reason to speak in this matter.

May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brewed.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[Lady MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence[1] I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macb. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet in the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murtherous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted[2]; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.— *Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE *and an old* Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

[1] Design.

[2] The whole object of this murder is not yet accomplished.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last.
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.
Old Man. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon it. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is it known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[1]
Macd. They were suborned:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up[2]
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.[3]
Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

[1] Intend.
[2] Consume greedily.
[3] Duncan and Macbeth were cousins; *Malcolm II.*, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the elder of whom was the mother of Duncan; the younger, the mother of Macbeth.

Macd. Carried to Colmès-kill[1];
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—adieu!——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Father, farewell.
Old Man. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT II.

1. Which is the most powerful scene in this act?
2. What may be observed of Lady Macbeth's character?
3. And what, further, of Macbeth's?
4. Explain the terms "dudgeon," "gouts," "sleave," and "ravin."
5. What moral may be drawn from the speech beginning, "Is this a dagger?" in the first scene?
6. What classical allusion is made by Macduff in the third scene? (Explain it.)
7. How far is the action of the drama brought at the end of this act?
8. What is to be said of Banquo's character?
9. What are the historical facts of this play, and how do they differ from the drama itself?[2]
10. Quote passages which indicate Macbeth's remorse for his crime.
11. Which is the most beautifully poetical passage in this act?
12. Describe the fourth scene in this act, and show how it is connected with the action.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou playedst most foully for it: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;

[1] Icolm-kill, or Iona; a small island lying at the S. W. extremity of the Isle of Mull, the burial-place of the ancient Scottish kings.

[2] See Sir W. Scott's "History of Scotland," vol. i. p. 18.

But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as* King; Lady MACBETH, *as* Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady Macb. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-things[1] unbecoming.
Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper[2], sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;

[1] In every way. [2] A state banquet.

And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then[1], God be with you.
[*Exeunt* Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, *&c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.— [*Exit* Attendant.
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty[2] of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to[3] that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed[4] my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murthered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance![5]——Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

[1] Till that time.
[2] Nobleness.
[3] In addition to.
[4] Defiled.
[5] *A l'outrance*, to extremity, implied a challenge to fight till one of the combatants should be killed.

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches?
2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance[1],
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For[2] certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you[3] with the perfect spy[4] of the time[5],
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something[6] from the palace. And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's,) must embrace the fate

[1] "Bloody distance;" the distance at which mortal enemies stood from each other when fighting.
[2] Because of.
[3] Inform yourselves.
[4] With the most exact inquiry.
[5] Of the time of Banquo's return.
[6] Some distance.

Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
2 *Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *The same. Another Room.*

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady Macb. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady Macb. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady Macb. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies[1] your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly; Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.[2] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
Lady Macb. Come on;

[1] Melancholy ideas. [2] Distraction.

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady Macb. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou knowest, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady Macb. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.[1]
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne[2] beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady Macb. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come seeling[3] night,
Skarf up[4] the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—*Light thickens; and the crow*
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvellest at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

[1] There is a limit to their life.
[2] Borne along on its shards, or scaly wings.
[3] *Blinding*; a term of falconry. It is the running of a thread through the eyelids of a hawk first taken, to prevent its seeing.
[4] Tie a scarf over.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated[1] *traveller apace,*
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are in the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to it.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *and* Servant *escape.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady Macb. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their heart's thanks:
Both sides are even: Here, I'll sit in the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatched?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best of the cut-throats. Yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, good my lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady Macb. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched[1], while 'tis a making,

[1] Sold, rather than given liberally, that is not vouched (well maintained).

'Tis given with welcome: To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness, sit?

Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, *and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is it that moves your highness?
Macb. [*Sees the ghost of Banquo.*] Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady Macb. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[1]
He will again be well; If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion[2];
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady Macb. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws[3], and starts,
(Impostors to true fear[4]) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

[1] As quickly as thought.
[2] Prolong his fit.
[3] Gusts of passion.
[4] Bad imitators of real fear.

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost *disappears.*
Lady Macb. What! quite unmanned in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady Macb. Fye, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, in the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been performed
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murther is.
Lady Macb. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse[1] at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:——Give me some wine, fill full:——

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst[2],
And all to all.[3]
Lords. Our duties and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation[4] in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady Macb. Think of this, good peers,

[1] Wonder.
[2] *We wish to drink.*
[3] All good wishes to all present.
[4] Expression.

But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan[1] tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit[2] then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[Ghost *disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady Macb. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome[3] us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange[4]
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady Macb. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady Macb. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,
Augurs, and understood relations[5], have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

[1] Hyrcania, a district of Asia, to the N. of Parthia, abounding in wild beasts.
[2] I skulk within doors, and do not accept your challenge.
[3] Pass over our minds.
[4] A stranger to the disposition that I owe (own); *i. e.* I hardly know myself, "When now I think, &c."
[5] Causes and effects.

Lady Macb. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How sayest thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?
Lady Macb. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.
Lady Macb. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young indeed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, *meeting the three* Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful: who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron[1]
Meet me in the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,

[1] *One of the rivers* of the infernal regions. (See Milton, book ii. p. 83.).

Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG [*within*] "Come away, come away," &c.

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father?
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;
For 'twould have angered any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,

(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds his due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy[1] messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT III.

1. Describe the course of the action in this act.
2. Which is the most powerful scene in this act?
3. Quote some moral sentences.

[1] With countenance overcast.

4. Explain the terms, "to the utterance," "ecstacy," "shard-borne," "seeling," "lated," "flaws," and "speculation."
5. Quote a passage of great poetic beauty from this act.
6. Under what form of beauty may this passage be ranged — picturesque, fanciful, imaginative, characteristic, &c.?"
7. Describe the character Macbeth here gives of Banquo.
8. Who was Hecate, according to the ancients; and in what character does Shakspere introduce her into this drama?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling.— Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
3 *Witch.* Harper[1] cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under coldest stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got.
Boil thou first in the charmèd pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and the other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share in the gains.

[1] The name of an imp.

And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[MUSIC *and a* SONG] "Black spirits," &c.
2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: —
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is it you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty[1] waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple[2] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins[3] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly[4] show.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, ——
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me: — Enough.
[*Descends.*

[1] Foaming.
[2] Fall down.
[3] Seeds.
[4] Dexterously, cleverly.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright[1]:—But one word more:—
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet, I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top[2] of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to it.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest[3]; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,

[1] Touched the right chord of my passion.
[2] Diadem and crown.
[3] Impress—force—the forest to obey his command.

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a Glass in his Hand; BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?[1]
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered[2] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and vanish.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?

[1] The dissolution, or destruction of *nature.*

[2] Besmeared with blood.

Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air on which they ride!—
* * * I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was it came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty[1] purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSSE.

Lady Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
Lady Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
Lady Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles[2], in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;

[1] Passing by, fleeting. [2] Honours.

As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits of the season.[1] I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
Lady Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.[2]
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.
Lady Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable[3]; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
Lady Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayest find him.

[1] *The necessities* of the times.
[2] *Well acquainted* with your rank.
[3] A subject of praise.

Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*
[*Exit* Lady MACDUFF, *crying* "Murder!" *and pursued by the* Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal [1] sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.[2]
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend [3], I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but something
You may deserve of him through me.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness [4] left you wife and child,

[1] Deadly.
[2] Lamentation.
[3] Befriend, be favourable.
[4] Inexperience, want of *mature* counsel.

(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: — You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeered![1] — Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou thinkest
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day, a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways[2] than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms: — I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. *Boundless intemperance*
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been

[1] *Admitted.*

[2] Shall suffer more, and in a greater variety of ways.

The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours.
Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; That I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons[1] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.
Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banished me from Scotland. — O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

[1] Fr. *foison*, abundance.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest [1] wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste [2]: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; and I delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
T'is hard to reconcile.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman, but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy [3]; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

[1] *Moderate.* [2] Over-hasty credulity. [3] A common madness.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss [1] the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well, too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff [2] their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.[3]
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief [4],
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

[1] There is so much grief, that he who tells of that which happened an hour ago, is hissed at, as a relater of stale news.

[2] Doff, for do off, or put off (as don, for do on).

[3] Lay hold of them.

[4] A peculiar grief, affecting one person only.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry[1] of these murdered deer[2],
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: *the grief, that does not speak,*
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife killed too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert[3] to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him: if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.

[1] *Quarry, is dead game.*
[2] *Deer, — animals* in general.
[3] Be changed.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT IV.

1. Where are the scenes of this act laid?
2. How is Macbeth's character further developed in this act?
3. Explain the terms, "yesty," "germins," "deftly," "blood-boltered," "affeered," and "foison."
4. Who was the king of England, during the time at which this drama is laid?
5. Describe the dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff in the third scene?
6. Quote some striking passages from this act.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physic, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. — In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macb. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macb. Out, spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do it:——Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady Macb. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more of that, my lord, no more of that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoken what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macb. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray, God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macb. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady Macb. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit* Lady MACBETH.

Doct. Will she now go to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated[1], and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near* Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[2]

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough[3] youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

[1] Depressed, subdued.

[2] Such a cause would even excite a monkish recluse (mortified man), to fight.

[3] Unbearded.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, *like a giant's robe*
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who shall then blame
His pestered senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal[1];
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounced me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures;
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg[2] with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There is ten thousand——
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

[1] "The medicine of the sickly *weal*," *is* here Malcolm, who was to *bring the country again* to a healthy *state.*

[2] Waver.

Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?[1]
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.——Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: *my way of life*
Is fallen into the scar, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr[2] the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.——
How does you patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain:
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

[1] A *term of contempt.* [2] Scour.

Come, put mine armour on, give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near* Dunsinane. *A Wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* Soldiers *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear it before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before it.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less[1] have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrainèd things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will, with due decision, make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

[1] All ranks, higher and lower.

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within, of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell[1] of hair
Would, at a dismal treatise, rouse, and stir
As life were in it: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

[1] Fell *of hair;* — *the skin* on which the hair of the head grows.

I looked toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if it be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling[1] thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in[2] resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Blow, wind! Come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

[1] Catch hold of.
[2] *Pull in* (check the speed of) my resolution; a metaphor taken from a running horse.

SCENE VII.— *The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afeard to hear it;
My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. Thou could'st not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited.[1] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

[1] Reported.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool[1], and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else, I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.
Macb. Accursèd be the tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter[2] *with us in a double sense;*
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze of the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

[1] An allusion to Cato of Utica. *See note* on line 522 of Thomson's *"Winter."*

[2] Prevaricate, deal ambiguously.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff!—
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, AUGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knolled.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *Head.*

Macd. Hail king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursèd head: the time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl[1],
That speaks my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

[1] The nobles.

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT V.

1. Explain the terms "mated," "sagg," "skirr," "fell of hair," and "bruited."
2. Quote two remarkably beautiful passages in this act.
3. Analyse these passages; and endeavour to show the principle of their beauty; whether in poetical expression, moral truth, or depth of philosophy, &c.
4. What great moral lesson is to be drawn from this drama?
5. Does the character of Macbeth excite any sympathy?
6. Can this be reckoned among the finest of Shakspere's dramas?
7. How may this play be generally distinguished from the "Tempest"?

KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *his Son* (*afterwards* Henry III.).
ARTHUR, *Duke of* Bretagne, *Son of* Geffrey, *late Duke of* Bretagne, *the elder Brother of King* John.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of* Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of* Essex, *Chief Justiciary of* England.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of* Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of* Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir* Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his half-Brother, natural Son of King* Richard I.
PETER OF POMFRET, *a Prophet.*
PHILIP II., *King of* France.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Archduke of AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a* French *Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from* France *to King* John.
ELINOR, *Widow of King* Henry II., *and Mother of King* John.
CONSTANCE, *Mother to* Arthur.
BLANCH, *Daughter to* Alphonso *of* Castile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, *Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, sometimes in France, *sometimes in* England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter, King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour[1], to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning;—borrowed majesty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

[1] Haviour, or behaviour, from "have," the manner of having (or conducting) one's self.

To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here we have war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay, —
An honourable conduct let him have: —
Pembroke, look to it: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHAT. *and* PEMB.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage[1] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff *of* Northamptonshire, *who whispers* ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach. — [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

[1] Government.

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his half Brother.*

This expedition's charge. — What men are you?
Faul. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Faul. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Faul. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine:
The which, if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow: — Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Faul. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy.
Eli. He hath a trick[1] of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examinèd his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—— Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much; —
And once despatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the meantime sojourned at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:

[1] A peculiar look.

Sir Robert, on his death-bed, did bequeath
His lands to me, and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy the land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence[1], and no land beside?
Faul. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his[2], like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuffed;
And, to[3] his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
Faul. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Faul. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Faul. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st;
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise, sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Faul. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed,
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
Faul. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
[*Exeunt all but* FAULCONBRIDGE.

[1] Personal appearance.
[2] "Sir Robert his," is for Sir *Robert's* (the possessive form).
[3] In addition to, besides.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many and many a foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:——
"Good den, Sir Richard,"—"God-a-mercy fellow"[1];—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective[2], and too sociable,
For your conversion.[3] Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked[4] man of[5] countries:——"My dear sir,"
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,)
"I shall beseech you"—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book[6];—
"O, sir," says answer, "at your best command;"
"At your employment; at your service, sir:"——
"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:"
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

[1] Faulconbridge holds an imaginary conversation between himself (now a knight) and his vassal. "Good den," (good e'en, good evening), says the vassal. "God-a-mercy fellow," is Faulconbridge's haughty reply.

[2] Particular.
[3] Change of rank.
[4] Select, neat, trim.
[5] Concerning.
[6] An A, B, C, book, a catechism; pronounce it as if written *abcy*.

EXAMINATION ON ACT I.

1. In what century is the action of this drama laid?
2. What is the *leading idea* in this play?
3. Had Prince Arthur a better title to the English crown than his uncle? If so, show how.
4. Explain the terms, "haviour," "trick," and "good den."
5. Point out a line in this act which involves an anachronism.
6. Describe the character of Faulconbridge.
7. Are there any particular beauties to be pointed out in this act?
8. What was Philip's policy in supporting the claims of Arthur?
9. What was the leading spirit of the age in which this drama is placed?
10. From which character in the play can we gather the most of this spirit?

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on the one side, the Archduke *of* Austria, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, King *of* France, *and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance[1] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstainèd love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,

[1] Importunity.

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more[1] requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.——
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages[2]:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient[3] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

[1] Larger.
[2] To choose from the most advantageous plans of attack.
[3] Direct, straight-forward, without allowing any obstruction.

With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até[1], stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them, a bastard of the king deceased:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er[2],
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe[3] in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish[4] drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlooked for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

Enter, King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast underwrought his lawful king.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

[1] Até, according to Hesiod, a daughter of Eris (strife), was an ancient Greek divinity, who incited *both gods and men* to rash and inconsiderate actions.

[2] For wafted (as sent for sended, &c.).

[3] Injury, destruction.

[4] Churlish, like peasants, rough and noisy.

That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this is Geffrey's[1]: in the name of heaven,
How comes it then, that thou art called a king?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phi. From that supernal judge, who stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.
Aust. Peace!
Faul. Hear the crier.
Aust. What art thou?
Faul. You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to it; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.
Faul. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides'[2] shoes upon an ass.
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand:
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

[1] Son and successor (understood). [2] A name of Hercules.

Eli. Come to thy grandame, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it' grandame, child;
Give grandame kingdom, and it' grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandame.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil[1] that's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r[2] she does or no!
His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those *heaven-moving pearls* from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these *crystal beads* heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call me not slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressèd boy.
Eli. Thou unadvisèd scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will: a cankered grandame's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tunèd repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens *upon the walls.*

Cit. Who is it, that hath warned us to these walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You men of Angiers, Arthur's loving subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.——
These flags of France, that are advancèd here

[1] *Tumult, quarrel.* [2] Whether.

Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement.
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
But on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save, unscratched, your city's threatened cheeks,—
Behold the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire[1],
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in. Your king, whose laboured spirits
Forwearied[2] in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely[3] vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys;
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressèd child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes[4] it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, have all offence sealed up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessèd and unvexed retire,
With unhacked swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,

[1] This is an anachronism; gunpowder was not used in European warfare, till more than a hundred years after John's death.

[2] Became weary (a verb, not a participle).

[3] Solemnly.

[4] Owns.

Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly[1] pass our proffered offer,
'Tis not the roundure[2] of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harboured in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then Heaven forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen! Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Faul. St. George,—that swinged the dragon, and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah,—[*to* AUSTRIA].

Aust. Peace; no more.

Faul. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Faul. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*to* LEWIS] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Foolishly, madly. [2] Encompassment.

SCENE II. — *The same.*

Alarums and Excursions, then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, *with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that marched hence so silver bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removèd by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty[1] English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censurèd:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered blows;
Strength matched with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

[1] Gay, blithesome.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his Power;* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and* FAULCONBRIDGE; *at the other,* King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell,
With course disturbed, even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Faul. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazèd thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stainèd field,
You equal potents[1], fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak citizens, for England; who's your king?
Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy.
And bear possession of our person here:
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
Hub. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates,
Kings, of our fear[2]; until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Faul. By heaven, these scroyles[3] of Angiers flout you, kings;

[1] Equally powerful.
[2] *Because of our fear.*
[3] A term of reproach; shabby fellows.

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me;
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town;
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing [1] clamours have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfencèd desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall call forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well; — France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Faul. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wronged, as we are, by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dashed them to the ground,
Why then defy each other.

K. Phi. Let it be so: — Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faul. O prudent discipline! From north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth. [*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it: — Come, away, away!

[1] Soul-appalling.

Hub. Hear us, great kings; vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field,
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour, we are bent to hear.

Hub. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch [1],
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If youthful love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
He is the half-part of a blessèd man,
Left to be finishèd by such a she;
And she, a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closèd gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faul. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions

[1] Blanch of Castile, wife of Louis VIII., and mother of Louis IX. of *France. She was* the daughter of Alphonso VIII. and Eleanor, sister of King John.

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgelled: not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Hub. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love.
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieged,)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess in the world.
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face?
Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself formed in her eye;
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never loved myself,
Till now infixèd I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.
Faul. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quartered in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin, can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then I do give Volquessen[1], Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands,
Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at St. Mary's chapel presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate[2] at your highness' tent.

[1] *The department of* Vosges? [2] Indulging in passionate grief.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? in her right we came;
Which we, Heaven knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We'll make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but* FAULCONBRIDGE.—*The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*
Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded[1] in the ear
With that same purpose-changer,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity[2],—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised[3] well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,

[1] Smoothed down.
[2] Self-interest.
[3] Poised, balanced.

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels[1] would salute my palm:
But for[2] my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord! for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT II.

1. Where is the scene laid in this act?
2. Describe the course of the action.
3. What allusion does Lewis make in the first scene, to Richard I.'s captivity?
4. What speech, in the mouth of Chatillon, gives us a glimpse of the character of Elinor?
5. In what sense are the following terms used in this act,—"importance," "expedient," "coil," "fondly," and "commodity?"
6. Who was Até, according to the ancients?
7. How are we to account for Faulconbridge's hatred against Austria?
8. In what speeches are the characters of Constance and Elinor further developed in this act?
9. How long after the year 1200 was it, before gunpowder was used in warfare?
10. Explain the moral commentary on the course of this act, put into the mouth of Faulconbridge.

ACT III.

SCENE I.— *The same.* *The* French King's *Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

[1] The angel was originally a gold coin of France, first coined about 1340. It was not used in England before 1465, and was then rated in value at 6*s.* 8*d.*

[2] Because.

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable[1] of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die:
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friends with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, begone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless[2] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart[3], prodigious[4]

[1] Easily affected by fears.
[2] Unsightly.
[3] Swarthy, of a dark complexion.
[4] Monstrous, deformed.

Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and, at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayest with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alone, which I alone,
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayest, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessèd day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day!—— [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides[1], in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:

[1] High tides, are days of solemnity.

But[1] on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touched, and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymogès! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous[2] ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up[3] greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength!
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it[4] for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

[1] Except.
[2] Capricious.
[3] Flatterest.
[4] Put it off.

Faul. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
Faul. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously[1] demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force, perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurped authority.
K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revénue cherish;

[1] Solemnly.

Yet, I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate:
And blessèd shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic:
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonizèd, and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
K. John. Philip, what sayest thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?[1]
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.
K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Faul. Hang nothing but a calf-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.
Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

[1] As the cardinal says.

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blessed
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms, be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A casèd lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven performed;
That is, to be the champion of our church;
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performèd by thyself;
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again: though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorchèd veins of one new burned.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear,
Therefore, thy latter vows against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself.[1]

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faul. Will't not be?
Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banished majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

[1] The quibbling on words, and no doubt intended by the poet, as in logical subtleties of this speech, were keeping with the legate's character.

Faul. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assurèd loss, before the match be played.
Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit.* FAUL.
France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.
K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *The same. Plains near* Angiers.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *with* AUSTRIA'S *Head.*

Faul. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot:
Some airy demon hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up;
My mother is assailèd in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Faul. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The same.*

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded. — Cousin, look not sad:
[*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandame loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die of grief.
K. John. Cousin, [*To* FAUL.] away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels[1]
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Faul. Bell, book, and candle[2] shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness: — Grandame I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit.* FAUL.
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishèd.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,

[1] See note [1], p. 210.
[2] The pope's excommunications were generally *read* in churches, with *bells* ringing, and *candles* lighted.

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, — but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds[1],
To give me audience: — *If the midnight bell*
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou, possessèd with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not: — Yet I love thee well:
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine does tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

[1] Baubles, gaieties.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.——Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.— *The same.* *The* French King's *Tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted[1] sail
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern[2] of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I prithee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:— O amiable lovely death!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

[1] Overpowered. [2] Parallel example.

And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath[1] *with fulsome*[2] *dust,*
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st!
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern[3] invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be delivered of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: *O, what love I note*
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?

[1] *Mouth.* [2] Foul. [3] Common, ordinary.

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
"O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire[1],
There was not such a gracious[2] creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous[3] a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
Const. *Grief fills up the room of my absent child,*
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*
Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

[1] Breathe. [2] Graceful. [3] Outrageous.

And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are you not grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained:
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up;
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scape of nature[1], no distempered day,
No common wind, no customèd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news, he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have named!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT III.

1. Describe, at some length, the course of the action, and the point to which it arrives in this act.
2. Point out the most beautiful passages in the first scene.
3. Explain the terms "sightless," "humorous," "doff," "heinous," and "suspire."
4. What is to be observed of the dialogue between King John and Hubert in the second scene?
5. In what consists the chief beauty of the fourth scene?
6. Quote some fine passages from this scene.

[1] Phenomenon.

7. Of what figure is the passage beginning "Death, death, O amiable, &c." an example?
8. How does Shakspere exhibit a wonderful knowledge of human nature in the fourth scene? Refer to some passages as illustrative of this power.
9. What character has Shakspere given to Pandulph?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to't.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.[1] By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

[1] Caprice.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
[*Aside.*
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—— [*Aside.*
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat[1] *red-hot*

[1] Heated.

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's.—
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cords, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men!
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay! hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
1 *Attend.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; *the fire is dead with grief,*
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, *you will but make it blush,*
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[1] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live[2]; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these doggèd spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely[3] in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Urge, excite.
[2] Live with thy sight uninjured.
[3] In secret.

SCENE II. — *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The* King *takes his seat.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
The faiths of men ne'er stainèd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any longed-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urgèd at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigurèd:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness[1]:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness

[1] An ambition to excel.

To overbear it: and we are all well pleased;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong:
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue[1] you with: Meantime, but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest[2] you have, in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up[3]
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspéct of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;

[1] Furnish, acquaint.
[2] Fixedly, undisturbed.
[3] Mew (to shut up); a mew, a place where hawks were shut up to mew, or change their feathers. The stables at Whitehall were anciently called "mews," where the king's hawks were kept.

And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand;—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.
Sal. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answered, either here, or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt* Lords.
K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set in blood;
No certain life achieved by other's death.——

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast! Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* PETER *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged:
Deliver him to safety[1], and return,
For I must use thee.—O, my gentle cousin,
[*Exit* HUBERT *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Faul. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others, more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night,
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Faul. I will seek them out

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.——
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,

[1] Custody.

And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattlèd and ranked in Kent:
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murthered him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did not you provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.[1]
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done!—Had'st thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed[2], to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspéct,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

[1] Deliberate determination. [2] Distinguished and well adapted.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposèd;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid[1] me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshy land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful notion of a murtherous thought;
And you have slandered nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensèd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I cónjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

[1] So as to bid.

SCENE III. — *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap do
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones: —
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bu y;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private[1] with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er[2] we meet.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Once more to-day well-met, distempered[3] lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestainèd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.
Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Faul. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

[1] Private (letter) to me.
[2] Before.
[3] Out of temper, discomposed.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murther's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed[1] wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murthers past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Faul. It is a shameful and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light[2], what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected[3] with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

[1] The term "wall-eyed" is applied to horses that are affected with a *disease of the* eye. Wrath is "wall-eyed" from the blood-shot effect it produces on the eyes.
[2] Presentiment. [3] Affected.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*
Faul. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murtherer.
Hub. Do not prove me so[1];
Yet[2], I am none.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Faul. Keep the peace; I say.
Sal. Stand by or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Faul. If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead.
Big. What wilt thou do, renownèd Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murtherer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who killed this prince?
Hub. Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honoured him, I loved him; and will weep
My date[3] of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.

[1] By obliging me to kill you.
[2] As yet, hitherto.
[3] Date, the space given.

Faul. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Faul. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul,——
Faul. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.——
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-picked bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested[1] pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

[1] From its rightful possessor.

Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king;
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT IV.

1. Describe the first scene of Act IV.
2. On what principle may the passages in italics in this scene, be pronounced beautiful?
3. What may be said of the character of Hubert?
4. What is the moral of Salisbury's speech in the second scene, beginning, "*To gild refined gold,*" &c.?
5. What form of poetical beauty distinguishes the passage, "*I saw a smith,*" &c.?
6. Explain the terms, "infected," "wall-eyed," "distempered," "mew," "tarre," and "covetousness," as applied in this act.
7. How is King John's character here further developed?
8. What may be said of the dialogue between King John and Hubert in the second scene?
9. Describe the course of the third scene.
10. What figure is introduced in the passage, "*Now for the bare-picked bone,*" &c.?

ACT V.

SCENE I.— *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.[1]
Pand. Take again [*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties[2] do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;

[1] My diadem. [2] Nobles.

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite[1],
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint:
But heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. All Kent hath yielded: nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faul. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some base hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faul. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

[1] Convert.

Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage[1] and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faul. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cockered[2] silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Plain, near* St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and* Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,

[1] Range about the country. [2] Pampered.

Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides never shall it be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot[1] of this enforcèd cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours[2] here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!
Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,

[1] *Disgrace.* [2] A foreign standard.

That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back,
Because that John has made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Toil in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside, or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promisèd
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And culled these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, *attended.*

Faul. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faul. *By all* the blood that ever fury breathed,

The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too, he should,
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch[1];
To dive, like buckets, in concealèd wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, locked up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse[2] annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets change,
Their needls[3] to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave[4], and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faul. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,

[1] A place in which to lie concealed (as in the hatches of a vessel).
[2] To strike with sudden violence.
[3] Needles.
[4] Bragging.

As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faul. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The same. Another part of the Field.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by* Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false: since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew[1] my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damnèd flight;
And, like a bated and retirèd flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends!
[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V.—*The same. The* French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, *and his* Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set;
But stayed, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd[2] news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

[1] Wish ill to, call down imprecations on.

[2] Working harm.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of* Swinstead Abbey.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Faul. A friend.—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Faul. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Of thine affairs,
Why may I not demand,
As well as thou of mine?
Faul. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?
Faul. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Faul. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Faul. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Faul. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Faul. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolvèd[1] villain:
The king yet speaks; and peradventure may recover.
Faul. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Faul. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power! ——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *The Orchard of* Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible[2]; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;

[1] Determined, hardened. [2] Unheeded, disregarded.

Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest[1],
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and* Attendants, *who bring in* King JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room:
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my body's crumbled up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.
P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there, the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemnèd blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. O, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

[1] Confusion of affairs.

K. John, O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail.
Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utterèd;
And then, all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And module[1] of confounded royalty.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily[2],
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The* King *dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Faul. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faul. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewèd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatched
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel

[1] *An empty form.* [2] Unexpectedly.

To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Faul. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred;
For so he willed it.
Faul. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faul. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT V.

1. What strong contrast is seen in this act between the characters of John, and of Faulconbridge?
2. Quote a speech strongly delineating Faulconbridge's character.
3. What moral may be drawn from the death of John?
4. Is the cause of John's death, as given in this drama, historically true?
5. Which are, on the whole, the most beautiful scenes in the play?
6. Which is the most beautifully drawn character in this drama?
7. Analyse the characters of John, Constance, Faulconbridge, and Hubert.
8. In which character have we the personification of the English noble of that age?
9. To what one point do all the circumstances of this drama point?
10. How is the unity of action preserved in this play?

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of VENICE.
Prince of ARRAGON, } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of MOROCCO, }
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of* Venice.
BASSANIO, *Friend to* Antonio.
SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, *in love with* Jessica.
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, Friend to* Shylock.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, Servant to* Shylock.
Old GOBBO, *Father to* Launcelot.
LEONARDO, *Servant to* Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to* PORTIA.

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
NERISSA, *Waiting-Maid to* Portia.
JESSICA, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the* Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies[1] with portly sail,—

[1] *Argosies*; a general name for *merchant-vessels* (probably from *Argo, the name of* Jason's ship, in which he sailed in quest of the golden fleece).

Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt[1],
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew[2] docked in sand,
Vailing[3] her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Solan. Why then you are in love.
Ant. Fye, fye!

[1] No doubt.
[2] The name of a ship, probably from *Andrea Doria*, the celebrated Genoese admiral.
[3] Lowering.

Solan. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus[1],
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper:
And other of such vinegar aspéct,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor[2] swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good-morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say when?
You grow exceeding strange[3]: Must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool:

[1] An ancient Latin deity, represented with a two-faced head, presiding over the beginnings of every thing. Hence the name of the *month* January, the entrance or *beginning of the year.*

[2] One of the heroes of the Trojan war, celebrated for his wisdom, and calmness of judgment.

[3] We have but little of your company.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio, —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks; —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain[1],
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion. —
Come, good Lorenzo: — Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[2]

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

[1] Preserve an obstinate silence. [2] Business, matter.

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port[1]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate[2]; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advisèd watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I shall do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[3] unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,

[1] *Carriage*, appearance. [2] Condition. [3] Ready.

Of wondrous virtues; sometimes[1] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.[2]
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift[3],
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs[4]; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages

[1] Formerly.
[2] See note [1], p. 256.
[3] Success.
[4] "To come by white hairs," is to grow old and weak; to be sick of its condition.

princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt[1], indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then, there is the county[2] Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An' you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. Defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord?

Por. He! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle[3] sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

[1] *A thoughtless* hair-brain. [2] Count. [3] A thrush.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him: for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but alas! who can converse with a dumb show?

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk: an' the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless, you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach.

Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before. —
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, — well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, — well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, — well.

Bass. May you stead[1] me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no; no, no; — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition[2]: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, —— and other ventures he hath squandered[3] abroad; But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; — three thousand ducats; — I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

[1] Assist.
[2] Uncertainty.
[3] Dispersed, scattered.

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip[1],
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
E'en there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursèd be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior:
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possessed[2]
How much you would? [*To* BASSANIO.

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio! many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances[3]:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

[1] So as to throw him easily; an expression taken from the practice of wrestling.

[2] Acquainted.

[3] Interest on money.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys;" You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key[1],
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,——
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last:
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal[2] of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit[3]
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary; seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are

[1] Tone of voice.
[2] Interest on the money lent.
[3] *A doit, or* duyt, a small Dutch copper coin, the eighth part of a stiver, in value half a farthing.

Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell[1] in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect[2]
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT I.

1. Describe the course of action in the three scenes of this act.
2. What classical allusions may be found in these three scenes?
3. What may be said of the character of Gratiano?

[1] Remain, continue. [2] To suspect.

4. What hint have we of Gratiano's character in a speech of Bassanio's in the first scene?
5. What insight do we gain into Portia's character from this act?
6. What opinion can we form of her from the speech in the second scene, beginning, "If to do were as easy"?
7. What quality does she exhibit in the description of her suitors?
8. Do the first words that Shylock utters afford us any key to his character?
9. How is this character developed in the course of the scene?
10. Explain the terms "gear," "rate," "prest," "squandered," and "doit," as applied in this act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter the Prince *of* Morocco, *and his* Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her* Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared[1] the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.

Mor. I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman[2],—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
To win thee, lady.

[1] *Caused* to fear.
[2] *Solyman II.* (the Magnificent), a celebrated Turkish sultan, reigned from 1520—1566.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advised.
Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:" My conscience says,—"no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels:" Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend, "rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—"My honest friend Launcelot, budge not;" "budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience; "Conscience," says I, "you counsel well;" "fiend," says I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*aside.*] This is my father! who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn upon your right hand, at the next turning,

but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. 'Twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three[1], and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murther cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

[1] The Parcæ, or Fates.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man.

Gob. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest[1] to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other* Followers.

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy: Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well;—thou hast obtained thy suit:

[1] Made up my mind.

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.
Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery [*To his* Followers.
More guarded[1] than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio.——

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then, you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But, where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal[2]:—pray thee take pain
To allay, with some cold drops of modesty,
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then;
Use all the observance of civility,

[1] *Ornamented.* [2] Free, unrestrained.

Like one well studied in a sad ostent[1]
To please his grandam—never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.[2]
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in* Shylock's *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu!—most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew!
Adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly
spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners[3]: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO. *and* SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

[1] Outward appearance.
[2] Manner of behaviour.
[3] Character and opinions.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered.[1]
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us;—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Solan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnished with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before* Shylock's *House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

[1] Neatly, properly arranged.

What Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth[1] to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,——

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife[2],
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth, to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

[1] Invited.

[2] The fife, that makes the player hold his neck awry.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
Jes. His words were, "Farewell, mistress;" nothing else.
Shy. The patch[1] is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.— *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? *All things that are,*
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoyed.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfèd[2] *bark puts from her native bay!*
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weathered ribs, and raggèd sails!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode[3];

[1] The domestic fool was called "patch," in allusion to his motley dress.
[2] Dressed with streamers.
[3] Delay.

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you shall choose to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.
Lor. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA, *with the* Prince *of* Morocco, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold.
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel[1]
Stampèd in gold; but that's insculped upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. What have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

"All that glitters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:

[1] See note [1], p. 210.; K. John, act ii. s. 2.

Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrolled:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost.—
Portia adieu! I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance,——Draw the curtains, go:——
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Salarino *and* Solanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Solan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Solan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter!"
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remembered:
I reasoned[1] with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wished in silence, that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answered—"Do not so,
Slubber[2] not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced[3] heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the Prince *of* Arragon, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contained,

[1] Conversed.
[2] To do carelessly, or with idle hurry.
[3] Indulged in.

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:—
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
E'en in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
And well said too. For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert:— Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposèd natures.
Ar. What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Some have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silvered o'er; and so was this.
So begone;—you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before,
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets[1];

[1] Compliments, salutations.

To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Aor. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT II.

1. Explain the course of action in the first and second scenes of Act II.
2. What is to be said of the character of Launcelot Gobbo?
3. What reproof does Bassanio give Gratiano in the second scene?
4. What opinion may we form of Jessica's character?
5. How is Shylock's character still further developed in the fifth scene of this act?
6. What moral sayings are put into Gratiano's mouth in the sixth scene?
7. What opinion may we form of the Prince of Morocco from his observations on the caskets?
8. Quote a beautifully picturesque passage from scene the eighth.
9. In what does the beauty of the passage in the ninth scene, beginning, "*O that degrees,*" &c. consist?
10. Explain the terms "guarded," "ostent," "quaintly," "reasoned," and "regreets," as they are applied in this act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked[1], that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas—the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried.

[1] Uncontradicted.

Solan. But it is true, that the good Antonio——

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Enter SHYLOCK.

Solan. How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The

villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe.

[*Exeunt* SOLAN., SALAR., *and* Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now: I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why so:—and I know not how much is spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:——I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants. *The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be, so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize[1] the time;
To eke it[2], and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Away then, I am locked in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out:

[1] To keep in suspense. [2] To add to it.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownèd monarch; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides[1], when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea monster[2]: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives
With blearèd visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
   Or in the heart, or in the head?
   How begot, how nourishèd?
   Reply, reply.
2. It is engendered in the eyes,
   With gazing fed; and fancy dies
   In the cradle where it lies:
   Let us all ring fancy's knell;
   I'll begin it,——Ding, dong, bell.
   All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves,
The world is still deceived with ornament.

[1] A name of Hercules, who was so called from his grandfather Alcæus. The ending "ides" in Greek proper names, signifies "son of," or "descended from."

[2] When Laomedon built Troy, he *was assisted in* the work by Poseidôn (Neptune) and Apollo. When the work was done, Laomedon refused them the reward; on which Poseidôn sent a sea monster to ravage the country. From this plague the city was redeemed by Hercules.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers[1] of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement[2],
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it;
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd[3] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas[4], I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;

[1] Banks, or bulwarks.
[2] Outward appearance.
[3] Deceiving.
[4] An avaricious king of Phrygia, who requested of Dionysus (Bacchus), that all things he touched should be changed into gold. The request being granted, even the food became gold as soon as it touched his lips.

I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[1] What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes.
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave: [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

Por. You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,

[1] Portrait.

To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a belovèd prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude;
Where every something, being blent[1] together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed, and not expressed: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
Oh then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, Good joy! Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnise

[1] Blended.

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I saw the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls[1]:
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so stand you pleased withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very[2] friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But, meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Solan. I did, my lord:
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sol. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

[1] Turns out. [2] True.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost?
Por. There are some shrewd[1] contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: And yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere[2] enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scaped the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks.
Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,

[1] Unpleasant.
[2] Mere; unqualified, unmixed; one who has no other feeling but enmity towards him.

So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him[1];
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus his countryman,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is that your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;——
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use

[1] Endeavoured to persuade him.

your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lends out money gratis;
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty[1] gaoler, that thou art so fond[2]
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity[3] that strangers have
With us in Venice; if it be denied,

[1] Worthless in thy office.
[2] Weakly indulgent.
[3] On account of the traffic.

'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come,
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste[1] the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal weight of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,

[1] Spend.

Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee;
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect[1], to the common ferry,
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,

[1] Tow-boat.

With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died
I could not do withal[1]; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT III.

1. To what point is the course of the action brought in the third act?
2. What more do we see of the Jew's character in this act?
3. What is the drift of Bassanio's remarks on the caskets?
4. Explain the classical allusions in this act.
5. What more do we gather of Portia's character from this act?
6. Quote some of the most striking passages of this act, and explain upon what principle they may be termed beautiful.
7. Explain the terms "peize," "eke," "counterfeit," "shrewd," "mere," "fond," and "commodity."
8. What is the leading idea of this drama?
9. How is Bassanio's character further developed?
10. What other cause is there for our sympathy with Antonio, besides his natural kindness and benevolence?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the Duke, *the* Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

[1] I could not help it.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify[1]
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's[2] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse[3], more strange
Than is thy strange apparent[4] cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

[1] Soften.
[2] Malice.
[3] Pity.
[4] Seeming.

Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig:
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
* * * * For affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;
But, of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, would'st thou have the serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think[1] you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: — Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

[1] When (understood).

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fye upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, Shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Solan. My lord, here stays without,
A messenger, with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen[1]; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. Be thou accursed, inexecrable[2] dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras[3],
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Infused his soul in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, sterved[4], and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart:—Some three or four of you,
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] "Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned over many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with

[1] Thy soul is hard enough to sharpen thy knife on.
[2] "*In*execrable," is *most* execrable.
[3] A celebrated philosopher of Samos, who is said to have believed in the transmigration of souls.
[4] The older form of "starved."

so old a head. I shall leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.——

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informèd throughly[1] of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet, in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger[2], do you not? [*To* ANTONIO.
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. *The quality of mercy is not strained;*
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—

[1] Thoroughly. [2] Power.

That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[1] And I beseech you
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully, by this, the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart: Be merciful!
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge:
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

[1] Honesty.

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed: But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do but cut deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this monster, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence; come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then!—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then—
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it is proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay; take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use[1], to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. [*Exit* SHY.
Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua;
And it is meet I presently[2] set forth.

[1] *At interest.* [2] At once, directly.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify[1] this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Magnificoes, *and* Train.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have, by your wisdom, been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof[2],
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope[3] your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me, when we meet again.
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and, therefore, I will yield.
Give me your gloves; I'll wear them for your sake:
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more:
And you, in love, shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas! it is a trifle:
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else, but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

[1] Remunerate.
[2] In return for which.
[3] To cope is to barter, to give in exchange.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* POR. *and* NER.

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away; make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early we will both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice.—*A Street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We will away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice[1],
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully;
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;

[1] Further reflection.

But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT IV.

1. Quote the most beautiful passage in this act.
2. Explain the terms "malice," "remorse," "danger," "presently," "gratify," and "cope," as applied in this act.
3. Which is the most striking scene in the fourth act?
4. Show at what point the climax of the action is reached.
5. Have we any sympathy for Shylock?
6. What further proof of Antonio's kindness of disposition may be adduced from this act?
7. What example of play upon words may be quoted?
8. What passage here shows Shakspere's knowledge of ancient learning?
9. Is Shylock's character consistent throughout?
10. Why is the second scene necessary to this act?

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont.—*Avenue to* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbè fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come.
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? Your name, I pray you friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola.
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? Sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air.—
[*Exit* STEPHANO
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[1] *of bright gold.*
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly clothe it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music. [*Music.*
Lor. The reason is your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful or unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

[1] A patin is a small gold plate used in the service of the altar.

And his affections dark as Erebus[1]:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace! How the moon sleeps with Endymion[2],
And would not be awaked! [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take

[1] A son of Chaos; the word means *darkness*, and is applied to the Shades, *or infernal regions*.

[2] A beautiful youth, beloved by Selene (the moon), according to the ancient poets.

No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Your are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.[1]
[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *seem to talk apart.*
Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave;
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective[2], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbèd boy,

[1] *Mere complimentary words.* [2] Careful.

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief
An't were to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[1] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it

[1] Retain.

With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begged the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it:—Pardon, good lady,
For by these blessèd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you: You are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[*To* PORTIA.
Had quite miscarried; I dare be bound again
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.
Bass. It is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. You are all amazed:—
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk; Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now returned; I have not yet
Entered my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancèd on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvèd people.

Por. It is almost morning.
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully. [*Exeunt.*

EXAMINATION ON ACT V.

1. How many scenes does this act contain?
2. How is this act necessary to the development of the plot?
3. In what does the beauty of the passage beginning "*How sweet the moonlight*" consist?
4. What other beautiful passages might be quoted from this act?
5. Which, on the whole, may be considered the finest act in this drama?
6. Quote some particularly fine examples of harmonious versification from the whole play?
7. Which may be called the leading character in this play?
8. State some of the various points for criticism in a drama.
9. In which of these points does Shakspere more particularly excel?
10. When did the dramatic form of literature first flourish in England?

LYRICAL POETRY.

THOMAS GRAY.

ODE I.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
  Fair Venus' train[1], appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
  And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler[2] pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note;
  The untaught harmony of Spring,
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs, through the clear blue sky,
  Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink,
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
  (At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
  How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care,
  The panting herds repose;
Yet hark! how through the peopled air
  The busy murmur glows!

[1] The Hours, the attributes of Spring, are represented by the poets as adorning Aphrodite (Venus), as she rose from the sea.

[2] The nightingale.

The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon.
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest,
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic, while 'tis May.

ODE II.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores,
Her Henry's holy shade[1];
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below,

[1] King Henry VI. founded Eton College.

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still, as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:

Their's buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born.
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No cares beyond to-day.
Yet see how, all around them, wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind;
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild,
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,

The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings:—all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: *where ignorance is bliss,*
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE III.

TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless Power!
Thou Tamer of the human breast;
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before; unpitied, and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
  Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
  And leave us leisure to be good.
Light, they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe:
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
  Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
  With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
  Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon[1] terrors clad,
  Nor circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
  Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
  To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.

[1] See note, Macbeth, p. 149.

ODE IV.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

PINDARIC.

I. 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's[1] harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres'[2] golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War[3]
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king[4]
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet green[5]
The rosy crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherèa's[6] day,

[1] A mountain of Western Bœotia.
[2] The Roman name given to the Greek divinity Demeter, who presided over grain and the fruits of the earth.
[3] It was supposed that the god Mars resided chiefly in Thrace.
[4] The eagle, sacred to Jupiter.
[5] In the island of Cyprus.
[6] A surname of Venus, derived

With antic Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow, melting strains their queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns, the Graces[1] homage pay.
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the Eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's[2] march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,

from the island of Cythera (now Cerigo), where she was specially worshipped.

[1] *The personifications* of Grace and Beauty were, according to Hesiod, three in number: viz. Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosynè.

[2] The sun.

Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's[1] steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean[2] deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus[3] laves,
Or where Mæander's[4] amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and every fountain
Murmured deep a golden sound:
Till the sad Nine[5] in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus[6] for the Latian[7] plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains,
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling[8] laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother[9] did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

[1] A town in Phocis, celebrated for the oracle of Apollo.
[2] The sea that divides Greece from Asia Minor.
[3] A small stream which ran along the west side of the city of Athens.
[4] A river of Asia Minor, celebrated for its windings.
[5] The Muses.
[6] A mountain in Phocis, the favourite haunt of the Muses.
[7] Italian.
[8] Shakspere.
[9] Nature.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy[1],
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers[2] of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—[3]
O lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle[4] bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Gods how far—but far above the Great.

[1] Milton.
[2] Dignity and Harmony.
[3] Since Dryden's, we have had no sublime odes in the English language.
[4] Pindar.

ODE V.

THE BARD.

PINDARIC.

I. 1.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king![1]
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's[2] curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster[3] stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood:
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air[4])
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's[5] harp, or soft Llewellyn's[5] lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's[5] tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:

[1] Edward I. of England.
[2] Cambria, the ancient name of Wales.
[3] Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, married Joan, daughter of Edward I.
[4] See Milton's "Paradise Lost," book i. line 391.
[5] Welsh bards.

Brave Urien[1] sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred[1], whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's[2] shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail:
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear, lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amid your dying country's cries.—

No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising king![3]
She-wolf of France[4], with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven![5] What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!

[1] Welsh bards.
[2] The shore of Carnarvon.
[3] *Edward II.*, murdered in Berkley *Castle.*
[4] Isabella, daughter of Philip IV. of France, Edward II.'s queen.
[5] Edward III., the conqueror at Creçi and Poictiers.

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?[1]
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beams were born,
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

"'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.[2]
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course[3],
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius[4], London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's[5] faith, his father's[6] fame,
And spare the meek usurper's[7] holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe[8], we spread:
The bristled boar[9] in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

'"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)

[1] Edward the Black Prince.
[2] According to some writers, Richard II. was starved to death.
[3] Wars of the Roses.
[4] The tower of London, the oldest part of which is said to have been built by *Julius Cæsar*.
[5] Margaret of Anjou.
[6] Henry V.
[7] Henry VI.
[8] The White and Red Roses, devices of the Houses of York and Lancaster.
[9] The boar was the device of Richard III.

Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.')
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll!
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings[1]; Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.[2]
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin[3], hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
In buskined[4] measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.[5]
A voice, as of the cherub-choir[6],
Gales from blooming Eden bear;

[1] The line of Tudor.
[2] Queen Elizabeth.
[3] Taliessin, chief of the Welsh bards, flourished in the sixth century.
[4] Tragic; the Roman tragic actors wore the buskin, or high boot; the comedians, the sock or slipper.
[5] Shakspere.
[6] Milton.

And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That, lost in long futurity, expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me. With joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

ODE VI.

FOR MUSIC.[1]

IRREGULAR.

I.

"Hence, avaunt ('tis holy ground),
Comus[2], and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude, that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.
Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyréan day
Bursts on my ear the indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Though every unborn age and undiscovered clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,

[1] This ode was performed in the Senate House at Cambridge, July 1. 1769, at the installation of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, chancellor of the university.

[2] The god of mirth and joy.

Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus[1] lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft wooed the gleam of Cynthia[2] silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy!

IV.

But, hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow[3]
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon[4], on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare[5],
And Anjou's heroine[6], and paler Rose[7],
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there[8]
The murdered saint, and the majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb),

[1] The river Cam.
[2] The moon.
[3] Edward III. added the fleur-de-lys to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.
[4] The Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de *St. Paul*. Her husband was slain at a tournament on the day of his marriage. She founded Pembroke Hall.
[5] The Countess of Clare. She founded Clare Hall.
[6] Margaret of Anjou.
[7] Elizabeth Wydville, queen of Edward IV.
[8] Henry VI. and Henry VIII.

All that on Granta's[1] fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty poured,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak, in soft accord,
The liquid language of the skies.

V.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see![2]
"Welcome, my noble son," she cries aloud,
"To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleased, in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.[3]
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from Earth the latent gem,
To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refined
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:

[1] The ancient name of the river Cam, which is still retained above Cambridge.

[2] Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry VII.

[3] The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor. The Duke of Grafton claimed descent from both these families.

She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride, to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath that Cecil wore[1], she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the fasces[2] of her sway,
Whilst spirits blest above, and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

" Through the wild waves as they roar
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
The steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

ODE VII.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's[3] drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage filled,
Foam and human gore distilled:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning Earth beneath him shakes)

[1] Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was chancellor of the university in the reign of Elizabeth.

[2] *The fasces* were rods bound in *the form a of* bundle, and containing an axe (securis), in the middle. These rods were carried by the lictors before the consuls at Rome.

[3] Hela, the goddess of death, in Scandinavian mythology.

Till, full before his fearless eyes,
The portals nine of Hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic[1] rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

Prophetess.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

Odin.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls;—a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Dressed for whom yon golden bed.

Prophetess.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder[2] bold:
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of Heaven!

[1] Runic is the name given to an ancient alphabet, peculiar to the Teutonic nations, especially the Scandinavians and Germans.
[2] Balder, the son of Odin.

Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

Odin.

Once again my call obey.—
Prophetess, arise, and say
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate.

Prophetess.

In Hoder's[1] hand the hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

Odin.

Prophetess, my spell obey:
Once again arise, and say
Who the avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

Prophetess.

In the caverns of the west,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the Sun's departing beam;
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

Odin.

Yet awhile my call obey,
Prophetess, awake, and say
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow;
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

[1] Odin was anxious about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. He was killed by Odin's other son, Hoder. Hoder himself was afterwards slain by Vali, son of Odin and Rinda.

Prophetess.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line.——

Odin.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

Prophetess.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok[1] has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assumed her ancient right;
Till wrapped in flames, in ruin hurled,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

ODE VIII.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

(FROM THE WELSH.)

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's[2] stem,
Gwyneth's[3] shield, and Britain's gem;
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin[4] hiding,

[1] Lok is the evil being who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the sun and stars shall disappear; the earth sink in the sea, and fire consume the skies. (See Mallet's Northern Antiquities.)

[2] Roderic II. (the Great), Prince of N. Wales, reigned from 843 to 877 A.D. Owen succeeded his father Griffin, A.D. 1120.

[3] North Wales.

[4] Ireland.

Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin[1] ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntless, on his native sands,
The dragon-son[2] of Mona[3] stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Checked by the torrent-tide of blood
Backward Menai rolls his flood;
While, heaped his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn
Where he points his purple spear.
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye,
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * * *

ODE IX.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

(FROM THE WELSH.)[4]

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright

[1] Denmark.
[2] The red dragon was the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.
[3] Anglesea.
[4] This ode is taken from the Welsh of Aneurim, who was styled "the Monarch of the Bards:" he was contemporary with Taliessin, about 570 A.D.

Upon Deïra's[1] squadrons hurled,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He asked no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth arrayed,
He asked, and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraëth's vale[2] in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraëth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

EXAMINATION ON GRAY'S ODES.

1. Which of these odes may be considered the finest?
2. Define Lyric poetry.
3. Who founded Eton College?
4. What does the term "Pindaric" mean, as applied to an ode?
5. Quote some examples of personification from Ode IV.
6. Scan the first stanza of Ode V. (the Bard).
7. Who was the greatest Lyric poet of antiquity?
8. Explain the historical allusions in Ode V.
9. What is meant by the expression "buskined measures?"
10. What means the term "fasces?"
11. Who was Odin, and to what mythology does he belong?
12. What is meant by "Runic?"
13. What is the general character of the "Ode?"

[1] The kingdom of Deïra included the counties of Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland.

[2] On the eastern coast of Yorkshire.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODES.

TO PITY.

O thou, the friend of man assigned,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
  And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
  His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's bard[1], a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
  Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
  And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus'[2] distant side,
  Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun[3], too, has heard thy strains;
And Echo, midst my native plains,
  Been soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's[4] infant head,
  To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoiled by art,
  Thy turtles mixed their own.

Come, Pity, come; by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,

[1] Euripides.

[2] See note [3], p. 327.

[3] *The river Arun*, in Sussex, flows close to the village where Otway was born.

[4] An English poet; the author of "Venice preserved."

Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskined Muse[1] shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allowed with thee to dwell:
There, waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who seest, appalled, the unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start: like thee disordered fly.
For lo! what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms joined,
Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;

[1] See note [4], p. 332.

Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And not look madly wild, like thee?

Epode.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full muse addressed her infant tongue:
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard[1] who first invoked thy name,
Disdained in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reached from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace[2]:
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shared the baleful grove?

Wrapped in thy cloudy veil, the incestuous queen[3],
Sighed the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he, the wretch of Thebes[4], no more appeared.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart:
Thy withering power inspired each mournful line:
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

Antistrophè.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollowed seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,

[1] Æschylus, the tragic poet, fought at the battle of Marathon.
[2] *Sophocles.*
[3] Jocasta.
[4] Œdipus.

Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'erawed,
In that thrice-hallowed eve, abroad.
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the works of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possessed
The sacred seat of Shakspere's breast
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

TO SIMPLICITY.

O thou, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic[1] robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honeyed store,
On Hybla's[2] thymy shore,

[1] The Attic style was remarkable for its simplicity.

[2] A mountain in Sicily, famous for its honey.

By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her[1] whose love-lorn woe
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's[2] ear.

By old Cephissus[3] deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat:
On whose enamelled side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their ordered hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureat band:
But stayed to sing alone
To one distinguished throne,
And turned thy face, and fled her altered land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power;
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole:
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye!
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

[1] The nightingale.
[2] Sophocles.
[3] A river of Greece, that rises in Phocis, and flows into the lake Copais in Bœotia.

Of these let others ask
To aid some mighty task;
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once,—if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
—Him, whose school above the rest,
His loveliest Elfin queen has blessed[1];—
One, only one, unrivalled fair[2],
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;
—Lo! to each other nymph in turn, applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin fame,
With whispered spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblessed her loathed dishonoured side;
Happier, hopeless Fair, if never
Her baffled hand, with vain endeavour,
Had touched that fatal zone to her denied!

Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name!
To whom, prepared and bathed in heaven,
The cest[3] of amplest power is given:
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their best prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmixed her flame!

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When He who called with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dressed with springs and forests tall,
And poured the main, engirting all,

[1] Spenser.
[2] Florimel; see Spenser, leg. 4.
[3] Talisman.

Long by the loved enthusiast wooed,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And placed her on his sapphire throne;
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around.
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breathed her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-haired youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born!
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof.
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep-applauding thunder;
And Truth, in sunny vest arrayed,
By whose the tarsel's[1] eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance, their murmurs joined;
And all the bright, uncounted powers
Who feed on Heaven's ambrosial flowers.
—— Where is the bard whose soul can now
Its high-presuming hopes avow?
Where he, who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallowed work for him designed?
High on some cliff, to heaven up-piled,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich, ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropped ethereal dew,
Nigh sphered in heaven, its native strains could hear;
On which that ancient trump he reached was hung:
Thither oft, his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,

[1] A species of hawk.

With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul, was known;
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturned the inspiring bowers!
Or curtained close such scenes from every future view.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746.[1]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

TO MERCY.

Strophè.

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride,
By Valour's armed and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored;
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the Youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced with many a wound.

[1] This ode was written on the occasion of the Scotch rebellion, 1745.

Antistrophè.

When He whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature joined his yoke,
And rushed in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopped his wheels, and *looked his rage away.*
I see recoil his sable steeds
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule, our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

TO LIBERTY.

Strophè.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus[1], fancy-blessed,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles dressed,
At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leaped in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no; I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Pushed by a wild and artless race,

[1] A Greek lyric poet, born at Mytilene, in the island of Lesbos, about *690 B. C.*

From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

Epode.

Yet, e'en where'er the least appeared,
The admiring world thy hand revered;
Still, midst the scattered states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escaped the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the laboured whole,
Each mighty master poured his soul!
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserved a part,
Till they[1], whom Science loved to name
(O who could fear it?) quenched her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem:
Strike, louder strike the ennobling strings
To those whose merchant sons were kings;
To him, who, decked with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-haired bride[2];
Hail! port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian[3] measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's[4] bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleased thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's[5] mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favoured of thy choice,
The daring archer[6] heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie roused in dread
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willowed meads more near,
With those to whom thy stork is dear:

[1] The Medici.
[2] The doge of Venice.
[3] The Lydian mode was adopted on joyful occasions.
[4] Genoa.
[5] Switzerland.
[6] William Tell.

Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,[1]
Whose crown a British queen refused![2]
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, nymph, adored by Britain, hail!

Antistrophè.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain linked to his now adverse strand,
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He passed with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic, then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
'Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
This pillared earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was pushed aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona[3], once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestowed
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blessed divorce she owed,
For thou hast made her vales thy loved, thy last abode!

Second Epode.

Then too, 'tis said, a hoary pile,
Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:

[1] The Dutch.
[2] *Queen Elizabeth.*
[3] The isle of Anglesea.

Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressèd Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturned the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie
Paving the light embroidered sky:
Amidst the bright pavilioned plains,
The beauteous model still remains,
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe[1] dressed,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retired in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn, delighted, and amazed,
What hands unknown that fabric raised?
E'en now, before his favoured eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mixed design;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er Heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, graved with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;

[1] The goddess of youth.

Here let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore;
Our youths, enamoured of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O, how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, lady—thou shalt rule the West!

TO A LADY.

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS, IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.

WRITTEN IN MAY 1745.

While, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While, stained with blood, he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the softened mind,
And paints the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheldt's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And peace protect the shade.

Blest youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aërial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crowned:
Whilst Honour, bathed in tears, shall rove
To sigh thy name through every grove
And call his heroes round.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest;
And, half-reclining on his spear;
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Creçi's laurelled field,
And gaze with fixed delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

But lo, where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph, bursting round,
Proclaim her reign restored;
Till William[1] seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft a heart,
These pictured glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear.
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Exposed and pale, thou seest him lie,
Wild war insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
E'en humble Harting's cottaged vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

[1] The battle of Fontenoy was fought in May, 1745, between the French, under Marshal Saxe, and the allies under William, Duke of Cumberland, in which the latter were defeated with the loss of 15,000 men.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew; and lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his flowers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

TO PEACE.

O thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injured robes up bind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train!
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretched on earth, to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
  By warlike Honour led;
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
  With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS.

Farewell, for clearer ken designed,
The dim-discovered tracts of mind;
Truths which, from action's paths retired,
My silent search in vain required!
No more my sail that deep explores;
No more I search those magic shores;

What regions part the world of soul;
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field
Some power impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard Passions fly;
By which the giant Follies die!

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen
Arched with the' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, pranked in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy dressed,
Comes like a bride, so trim arrayed,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade.

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons allied,
Throwest the prattling page aside,
To me, in converse sweet, impart
To read in Man the native heart;
To learn where Science sure is found,
From Nature as she lives around;
And, gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!

Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before;
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school:
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blessed this social Science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask;
Behold before her musing eyes
The countless Manners round her rise:
While, ever-varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass;
With these the white-robed maids combine!
And those the laughing Satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou, by the Passions nursed, I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favoured isle alone:
Me, too, amidst thy band admit;
There, where the young-eyed healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crispèd hair
Are placed each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loosed, attends thy side!

By old Miletus[1], who so long
Has ceased his love-inwoven song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In changed Italia's modern shades;
By him, whose knight's distinguished name,
Refined a nation's lust of fame[2];
Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet,
Castalia's Moorish hills repeat:
Or him[3], whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore
In watchet[4] weeds on Gallia's shore;

[1] An allusion to Milesian tales; some of the earliest romances.
[2] Cervantes' "Don Quixote."
[3] Le Sage; author of "Gil Blas."
[4] A kind of pale blue colour.

Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her sire betrayed.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic[1] find
Those oft-turned scrolls I leave behind;
The sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
  Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
  Even at the sound himself had made.

[1] The Cynic philosophers were so called from the snarling sarcasms they uttered against the follies of mankind. The word signifies dog-like."

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And when her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed:
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of different themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired:

And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
  And dashing soft from rocks around
  Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,
  Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
  In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
  Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew;
  Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung.
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
  The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
  Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen
  Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

  Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed:
  But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain,
  They saw, in Tempe's[1] vale, her native maids,
  Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
  Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
  Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
  And he, amidst his frolic play,
  As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

  O Music! sphere-descended maid,
  Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,

[1] *The* vale of Tempe, in Thessaly, celebrated for its beauty.

Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph, endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard,
Where is thy native, simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's[1] page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp[2] shall now be laid;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here;
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

[1] History.

[2] The Harp of Æolus, for a description of which, see the "Castle of Indolence."

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is dressed;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And, oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire[1],
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard! may Fancy die;
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

And see the fairy valleys fade:
Dun Night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom.
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales and wild woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave a Druid lies!

[1] Richmond Church, where Thomson was buried.

ODE

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO MR. HOME.[1]

Home! thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads[2] long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth,
Whom, long endeared, thou leav'st by Lavant's side:
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted, with his destined bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-lived bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the Southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land,
There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim lass that skims the milky store,
To the swart tribes[3] their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, winged with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretched on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe the untutored swain:
Nor thou, though learned, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,

[1] The author of "Douglas," a tragedy.

[2] River-nymphs.

[3] Elves, or gnomes.

That add new conquests to her boundless reign
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.
E'en yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal[1] mountains run,
Taught by the father to his listening son,
Strange lays, whose power had charmed a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possessed,
Old Runic[2] bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-coloured vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crowned:
Whether thou bidd'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strewed with choicest herbs his scented grave;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel[3],
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans poured forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.
'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodged in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's[4] dark forest dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonished droop,
When, o'er the watery strath[5], or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop:
Or if, in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destined glance some fated youth descry,
Who now perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair:
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.
To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shrieked as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!

[1] Northern.
[2] Scandinavian.
[3] *Hut.*
[4] One of the outer Hebrides.
[5] Valley.

As Boreas threw his young Aurora[1] forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles raged in welkin of the North,
They mourned in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joined in Preston's fight,
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crowned!
They raved! divining through their second sight,
Pale red Culloden, where these hopes were drowned!
Illustrious William! Britain's guardian name!
One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke:
He, for a sceptre, gained heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!
These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic Muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose:
Let not dank Will[2] mislead you to the heath;
Dancing in murky night; o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitched, low, marshy, willow brake:
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light:
For watchful, lurking, 'mid the unrustling reed,
At those murk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.
Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest indeed!
Whom late bewildered in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with Pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drowned banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wished escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.

[1] The Aurora Borealis. [2] Will o' Wisp.

Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Poured sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse!
For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way:
For him in vain, at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at the unclosing gate!
Ah! ne'er shall he return! alone, if night
Her travelled limbs in broken slumbers steep!
With drooping willows dressed, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep.
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue swoll'n face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier shore,
Drowned by the Kelpie's[1] wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!"
Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallowed ground![2]
Or thither, where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid[3]:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreathed with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

[1] The water-fiend.

[2] One of the Hebrides is called the Island of Pigmies; where it is reported that miniature bones of the *human species* have been dug up.

[3] Icolmkill, where nearly sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

But oh! o'er all, forget not Kilda's[1] race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the watery main.
With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring: or, hunger-pressed,
Along the Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's[2] nest.
Thus, blest in primal innocence they live,
Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!
Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possessed;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But filled, in elder time, the historic page.
There Shakspere's self, with every garland crowned,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters[3] found,
And with their terrors dressed the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.
In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight from Fancy's view,
The heroic Muse employed her Tasso's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke[4],

[1] One of the Hebrides.
[2] A bird of the goose species, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda *chiefly subsist.*
[3] The witches in "Macbeth."
[4] See "Jerusalem Delivered," Canto xiii. stanza 41, 42, &c.

Its gushing blood the gaping cypress poured!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheaved the vanished sword!
How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills the impassioned heart, and wins the harmonious ear!
All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan filled, or pastoral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail!
The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower
Or mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill or lowly moor,
To him I love, your kind protection lend,
And, touched with love like mine, preserve my absent friend!

EXAMINATION ON COLLINS' ODES.

1. What characteristics of style may be applied to Collins' poetry?
2. Which is the most popular of Collins' odes?
3. To what may we attribute this popularity?
4. Quote some beautiful passages from the ode "To Evening."
5. Scan one of the stanzas in the above ode.
6. Is there more of fancy or of imagination in this ode?
7. Extract some examples of personification from Collins' odes.
8. Which may be considered the finest stanza in the "Ode to the Passions?"
9. Who was the originator of the Alcaic stanza?
10. For what was the Attic style remarkable?
11. *Quote some* classical allusions from these odes.
12. *What is the* signification of the word "ode?"

DIDACTIC POETRY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging, ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now, one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well;
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But, as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So, by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant for fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence;

All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius[1] scribble, in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets, passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal.
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself, and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those, confined to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gained before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,

[1] An envious poetaster, an enemy of the poet Horace.

Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides;
In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole;
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in the effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The wingèd courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old, discovered, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized:
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge, our flights.
High on Parnassus'[1] top her sons she showed,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved
But following wits from that intention strayed;
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Both in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

[1] See note [6], p. 327.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they;
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character:
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age;
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring:
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan[1] Muse.

When first young Maro[2], in his boundless mind,
A work to outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountain scorned to draw:
But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his laboured work confine,
As if the Stagyrite[3] o'er looked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness, as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.

[1] The muse of Virgil, born near Mantua.

[2] Publius Virgilius Maro, the full name of the same poet.

[3] *Aristotle*, the great Greek philosopher, was born at Stageira, a town in the district of Chalcidice. (B. C. 384.). Hence he is frequently called "the Stagyrite."

Thus Pegasus[1], a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track:
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise;
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,)
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end:
Let it be seldom, and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are[2], to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freër beauties, e'en in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with the occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly:
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans[3] ring!
In praise so just let every voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.

[1] Properly, the winged horse of the Muses; here used for a flight or soaring of the poet's imagination.

[2] Some over-strict critics (understood).

[3] Hymns of joy, originally sung in honour of Apollo.

Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O, may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless sway.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend, and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian[1] *spring;*
There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth, we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind:
But, more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!

[1] The Muses were sometimes called Pierides, a surname which they derived *from Pieria*, near Mount Olympus, where they were first worshipped by the Thracians.

So, pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
The eternal snows appear already passed,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way:
The increasing prospect tires our wondering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

The perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
When nature moves, and rapture warms, the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant, dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed,—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus, when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight[1], they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis[2], of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What, leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.—
"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite."[3]—
"Not so, by heaven! (he answers in a rage)
Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage."—
"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."—
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."
Thus, critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress;

[1] Don Quixote.
[2] A quarrelsome and violent critic, contemporary with Pope.
[3] See note [3], p. 374.

Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearned, and make the learnèd smile.
Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play[1],
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dressed.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus[2] but to please the ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
With expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

[1] A character in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour."

[2] See note [6], p. 327.

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep."
Then at the last, and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's[1] strength, and Waller's[2] sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove[3]
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.[4]
Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much:

[1] Sir John Denham, author of "Cooper's Hill."
[2] An English poet, born 1605.
[3] Alexander the Great, who wished *himself* to be considered the son of *Jupiter* Ammon.
[4] This passage alludes to "Alexander's Feast," a beautiful lyric poem by Dryden.

At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some, foreign writers, some, our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns, prize:
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are wrong beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which, from the first, has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness join with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackneyed sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learned by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, all seemed made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted;
Scotists and Thomists[1] now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.[2]
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn!
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense survived when merry jests were past,
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores[3] and new Milbourns[4] must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoïlus[5] again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:

[1] The Scotists and Thomists were the names of two opposing sects in theology, who took their names, respectively, from Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas.

[2] A place, formerly near Smithfield, where old and second-hand books were sold.

[3] Sir Richard Blackmore, a physician, poet, and miscellaneous writer, born about 1650.

[4] The Rev. Luke Milbourn, who criticised Dryden.

[5] A captious and malignant critic, celebrated for the asperity with which he attacked Homer.

For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that Sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years;
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So, when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings;
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
Wit's most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required:
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please:
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavoured well;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.

Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thrived with large increase.
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war;
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus[1] drain;
Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there!
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans[2] braved the skies,
And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics, with your darts engage;
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

[1] There were two brothers of this name, Lælius, and Faustus; the *founders* of a religious sect: their *followers* are now known as Unitarians.

[2] The giants, who made war upon Jupiter.

PART III.

Learn then what moral critics ought to show;
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make, each day, a critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischiefs than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is disapproved,
That only makes superior sense beloved.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull!
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As, without learning, they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?

Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
False steps but keep them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grow old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
  Such shameless bards we have; and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandoned critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learnèd lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to D'Urfey's[1] tales:
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.[2]
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, showed his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shocked, and never turned aside,
Bursts out resistless, with a thundering tide.
  But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed or by favour or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;

[1] A poet and dramatist of no merit, who lived in the reign of *Charles II.*

[2] Sir Samuel Garth; the translator of Ovid, and author of a poem called "The Dispensary."

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew:
The mighty Stagyrite[1] first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deep explore;
He steered securely, and discovered far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.[2]
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquered nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And, without method, talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius[3] Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius[4] please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's[5] copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method joined:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

[1] See note [5], p. 374.
[2] See Milton, "Par. Lost." book iii. line 35.
[3] Of Halicarnassus; born in the first century, B. C., celebrated for his works on rhetoric, criticism, and history.
[4] C. Petronius (Arbiter), a graceful, though extremely immoral writer of the age of Nero.
[5] Tutor to the emperor Domitian, and author of a celebrated work on rhetoric.

Thee, bold Longinus![1] all the Nine inspire,
And bless the critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding critics justly reigned,
Licence repressed, and useful laws ordained:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still followed where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom;
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny then, superstition joined,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
Much was believed, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the monks finished what the Goths began.
At length Erasmus[2], that great injured name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each muse in Leo's[3] golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive,
Stones leaped to form, and rocks begin to live:
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,
A Raphael[4] painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida![5] on whose honoured brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon, by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banished Muses passed:

[1] A Greek philosopher, born about A. D. 213. He was the minister of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra; and the author of a work "on the Sublime." He was put to death by the Emperor Aurelian A.D. 273.

[2] A celebrated scholar and reformer of the 16th century, born at Rotterdam 1467, died at Basle 1536.

[3] Leo X., Giovanni de' Medici, celebrated for his patronage of art and letters.

[4] Raffaello Sanzio, the greatest of modern painters, was born 1483, and died 1520.

[5] One of the most learned scholars and elegant Latin writers of the 16th century, born about 1490, died 1566.

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourished most in France;
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau[1] still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquered and uncivilised;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were among the sounder few,
Of those who less presumed and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse whose rule and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."[2]
Such was Roscommon[3], not more learned than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend.
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

EXAMINATION ON "AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

1. Under what division of poetry may this essay be brought?
2. What is the meaning of the word "Didactic"?

[1] A celebrated French wit, poet, and critic, born 1636, at Paris, died 1711.

[2] "Essay on Poetry," by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

[3] Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, a miscellaneous writer of the 17th century.

3. What are the leading characteristics of Pope's poetry?
4. Whom did he take as his model?
5. Does he resemble him in any point?
6. Can you point out any peculiarities of style in this poem?
7. What single epithet would, perhaps, best describe the style of this poet?
8. Quote some striking passages from this poem.
9. Why may not Pope be placed in the highest class of poets?
10. What are his great excellences?
11. At what period of our literature did Pope live?
12. Point out some lines in this poem exhibiting Pope's power of adapting sound to sense.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John[1], leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Then just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.[2]

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

[1] Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, a statesman, and miscellaneous writer of the reign of Queen Anne; *born 1678*, died 1751.

[2] See Milton's "Paradise Lost," book i. l. 26.

Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And, drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as man.
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this—if God has placed him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must, be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god[1]:

[1] Animal worship was common in ancient Egypt: not only the ox, but the dog, cat, ibis, hawk, sheep, and wolf, were worshipped in various districts of that country.

Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago.
III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler Heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis replied, "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
The exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?"— Why then man?

If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia[1], or a Catiline?[2]
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's[3] mind,
Or turns young Ammon[4] loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride our very reasoning springs
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.
VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there, of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?

[1] Cesare Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI., noted for his profligacy and abilities.

[2] L. Sergius Catilina, the originator of a conspiracy for the destruction of Rome, during the consulship of the great orator Cicero, B. C. 62.

[3] Julius Cæsar.

[4] Alexander the Great.

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason; man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious[1] *on the tainted green;*
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!

[1] Sagacious, in its original sense, means "finding out by the scent."

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human; angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That changed through all, and yet in all the same:
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full as perfect in a hair as heart,
As full as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

EPISTLE II.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's[1] pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;

[1] A sect of philosophers who placed the chief virtue in the utter extinction of the *passions*. It was founded by Zeno. They were called Stoics from στοα (stoa), a porch, where Zeno first opened his school.

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides:
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato[1] to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton[2] as we show an ape.
Could he whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of the mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;

[1] The founder of a sect of Greek *philosophy*.

[2] Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of gravitation, born 1642, died 1727.

Then see how little the remaining sum
Which served the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad, we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end.
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy, that its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But *strength of mind is exercise, not rest:*
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Part it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in His works unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God:
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and unmake the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike:
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent[1], swallows up the rest.

[1] See Exodus, chap. vii. v. 12.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion, came;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature, its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey;
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge, turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferred;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow.
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds by other passions tossed,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis followed, e'en at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the sage's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side

The Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And, in one interest, body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
E'en avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied;
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero[1] turns a Titus[2], if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius[3] charms, in Curtius[4] is divine.
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

[1] The Roman emperor (A. D. 54—68), notorious for his crimes.

[2] The Roman emperor (A. D. 79—81.), the son of Vespasian, and celebrated for his virtues.

[3] A Roman general, who devoted himself to death in a war with the *Latins*, B. C. 338.

[4] Metius Curtius, a Roman, who, according to a tradition, leaped into a chasm which had appeared in the forum, and which the soothsayers had declared could not be filled except by throwing into it the foundation of Rome's future greatness.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen:
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace;
But where's the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed.
Ask, where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed!
In Scotland, at the Orcades: and there,
In Greenland, Zembla, or Heaven knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he:
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill:
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a separate goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward, but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more:
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blessed, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend.
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till, tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile, opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this,—Though man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

Here then we rest; "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least!
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast:
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! worked solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer,
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control:
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks: he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela[1] sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride;
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favoured man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er.
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour concealed, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assigned
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.
II. Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end.

[1] The nightingale: — according to a Greek legend, Philomela was the daughter of King Pandion, in Attica, and was metamorphosed into a nightingale.

Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when pressed,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This, too, serves always; reason, never long:
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers,
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that, 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre[1], without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before;
Who calls the council, states the certain day;
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness;
So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature linked to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike till two are one;

[1] Abraham de Moivre, a French mathematician, known for his hypothesis on the duration of human life. He was born 1667, died 1754.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace,
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismissed to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands,
That longer care contracts more lasting bands;
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintained; habitual, those.
The last, scarce ripened into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age!
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combined,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.
IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod:
The state of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymned their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstained, with gold undressed;
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turned on man a fiercer savage,—man!

See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part:
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake:
"Go, from the creatures thy instruction take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here, too, all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see:
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Then let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obeyed;
Cities were built, societies were made;
Here rose one little state: another near
Grew by like means, and joined through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow;
And he returned a friend who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were formed; the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.

'Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obeyed,
A prince the father of the people made.
VI. Till then, by Nature crowned, each patriarch
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:
On him, their second providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wandering furrow called the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God, to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
Our Great First Father, and that first adored.
Or plain tradition, that this all begun
Conveyed unbroken faith from sire to son.
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure, trod,
And owned a father when he owned a God.
Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then,
For nature knew no right divine in men;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The monstrous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects, made:
She, mid'st the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rocked the mountains, and when groaned the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:

She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge or lust:
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seemed the etherial vault no more:
Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore:
Then first the Flamen[1] tasted living food,
Next, his grim idol smeared with human blood;
With Heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And played the god an engine on his foe.
So drives self-love through just and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
This safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus, by self-defence,
E'en kings learned justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head, or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral nature gave before;
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;

[1] The general name given to a Roman priest devoted to the service of some particular god.

Till jarring interests of themselves create
The according music of a well-mixed state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each, as needful to the rest;
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel; servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest:
Whate'er is best administered, is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false, that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported, lives:
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So, two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and nature linked the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed, if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow!
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian[1] laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?

[1] See note 6. p. 327.

Where grows?—where grows it not?—if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil;
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.
I. Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less,
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
II. Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, man, "The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some-way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No caverned hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law, and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:

But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend;
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possessed,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
  Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
  O, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
  III. Know, all the goods that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue, peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most,—that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains.
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies[1], the virtuous and the just!
See god-like Turenne[2] prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney[3] bleeds amid the martial strife,
Was this their virtue or contempt of life?
Say, it was virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby![4] sunk thee to the grave!
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles'[5] good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me!
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good:
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?
IV. Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions lie impressed,
O blameless Bethel, to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres'[6] head reserve the hanging wall?

[1] Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, killed in the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20. 1643.

[2] Henri, Vicomte de Turenne, one of the most celebrated French military commanders of the time of Louis XIV.

[3] Sir Philip Sidney, a poet and military commander, killed at the battle of Zutphen 1586.

[4] The Hon. Robert Digby, son of Lord Digby, whose epitaph Pope wrote.

[5] Belzunce, bishop of Marseilles, who displayed heroic courage in administering the consolations of religion to the dying, during the plague which ravaged that city in the year 1720.

[6] Chartres; — The Regent Orleans,

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care!
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin[1] Heaven's own spirit fell,
Another deems him instrument of Hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar,—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chained his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?
VI. But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed!
What then?—Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content;
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er;
No—shall the good want health, the good want power?
Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
Why bounded power, why private, why no king?
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough when he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,

who governed France during the minority of Louis XV.; notorious for his immorality and debauchery.

[1] John Calvin, born at Noyon in Picardy, 1509; died at Geneva 1564. He was the founder of the well-known system of religious doctrine termed Calvinism.

Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice, a conqueror's sword, or truth, a gown,
Or public spirit, its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life,
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assigned
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind,
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honour lies.
Fortune in man has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend!—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella.
Go, if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go, and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
'Where but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's Madman[1] to the Swede[2];
The whole, strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
No one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise:
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius[3] let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates[4], that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's[5], or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes and friends;
To all besides, as much an empty shade,
As Eugene[6] living, or as Cæsar dead;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon[7], or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

[1] Alexander the Great.

[2] Charles XII. of Sweden, born at Stockholm, 1682; succeeded to the throne of Sweden in 1697, and was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, 1718.

[3] Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, a Roman emperor, celebrated for his benevolence, and love of literature and philosophy; born, 121 A. D.; died 180.

[4] A celebrated Athenian philosopher, born, B. C. 468. He was condemned to drink poison.

[5] Marcus Tullius Cicero, the celebrated Roman orator and consul.

[6] Prince Eugene of Savoy, a celebrated military commander, who co-operated with the Duke of Marlborough in his campaigns against Louis XIV.

[7] A small stream in N. Italy, which formed the S.E. boundary of Cisalpine Gaul. It is generally believed to be the Fiumicino, which falls into the Adriatic eighteen or twenty miles below Ravenna.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what to oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus[1] exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
  In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
  Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost:
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease;
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind[2]:
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damned to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!

[1] Marcus Claudius Marcellus, a friend of Cicero the orator; banished from Rome by Cæsar.

[2] Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, the founder of experimental philosophy; he was convicted of receiving bribes in his office of chancellor; born 1561, died 1626.

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows;
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose.
In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man.
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill-exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife:
The trophied arches, storied halls invade
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their shame
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
'*Virtue alone is happiness below,*'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives!
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so blest
And but more relished as the more distressed;
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blest:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know,
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul:
Till lengthened on to Faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that filled up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find):
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest;
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next and all the human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along:
O master of the poet and the song!

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Showed erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

EXAMINATION ON "AN ESSAY ON MAN."

1. What is the subject of this poem?
2. Analyse the first epistle.
3. Point out some of the most striking passages in the first epistle.
4. What was the poet's intention in this work?
5. Quote some moral sayings.
6. How many sections are there in the third epistle, and of what do they treat?
7. Quote some lines from this poem, which have passed into familiar maxims.
8. Give a brief account of the fourth epistle.
9. What is the whole end and aim of this poem?
10. What judgment may we pass on Pope, both as a poet and philosopher?

WILLIAM COWPER.

CONVERSATION.

Though Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense,
And Conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.
As alphabets in ivory employ,
Hour after hour, the yet unlettered boy,
Sorting and puzzling, with a deal of glee,
Those seeds of science called his A, B, C;
So language, in the mouth of the adult,
(Witness its insignificant result)
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with, and pass time away.
Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.
Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price;
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,
The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon.
There is a prurience in the speech of some,
Wrath stays him, or else God would strike them dumb:
His wise forbearance has their end in view,
They fill their measure and receive their due.

The heathen lawgivers of ancient days
(Names almost worthy of a Christian's praise)
Would drive them forth from the resort of men,
And shut up every satyr in his den.
O come not ye near innocence and truth,
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth!
Infectious as impure, your blighting power
Taints in its rudiments the promised flower:
Its odour perished, and its charming hue,
Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of you.
Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have surely, then, a peaceful life;
Whatever subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris[1], or the naval force,
Asseveration blustering in your face
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case:
In every tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;
And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
A Persian, humble servant of the Sun,
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
With adjurations every word impress,
Supposed the man a bishop, or, at least,
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;
Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,
And begged an interest in his frequent prayers.
Go, quit the rank to which ye stood preferred,
Henceforth associate in one common herd;
Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
Pronounce your human form a false pretence;
A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
Who yet betrays his secret by his works.
Ye powers who rule the tongue (if such there are)
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.

[1] A celebrated opera-dancer.

The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
(For opposition gives opinion strength):
Divert the champions prodigal of breath,
And put the peaceably-disposed to death.
O thwart me not, Sir Soph[1], at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern;
Though syllogisms[2] hang not on my tongue,
I am not, surely, always in the wrong;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance:
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;
No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around,
Discourse may want an animated *No*,
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snapped again;
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right:
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—"To be sure"—"No doubt!"
Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.

[1] Soph, for sophist, a wrangler in dispute.

[2] Strict forms of argument.

His evidence, if he were called by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;
What he remembers, seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centering at last in having none at all.
Yet, though he tease and baulk your listening ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear,
Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
Reduced to practice, his belovèd rule
Would only prove him a consummate fool;
Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
Fate having placed all truth above his reach,
His ambiguities his total sum,
He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.
  Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay;
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear, and strong;
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump:
Their own defect, invisible to them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn;
And, though self-idolized in every case,
Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.
The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
The proud are always most provoked by pride;
Few competitions but engender spite,
And those the most when neither has a right.
  The point of honour has been deemed of use,
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse;
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polished manners are a mask we wear,

And, at the bottom, barbarous and rude,
We are restrained indeed, but not subdued.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
That now and then a hero must decease;
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps at last, close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low;
That men engage in it compelled by force,
And fear, not courage, is its proper source;
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life for any or no cause,
To rush into a fixed eternal state
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
Or send another shivering to the bar
With all the guilt of such unnatural war,
Whatever Use may urge, or Honour plead,
On Reason's verdict, is a madman's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw
Because a bear is rude and surly? No—
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can.
Were I empowered to regulate the lists,
They should encounter with well-loaded fists;
A Trojan combat would be something new,
Let Dares beat Entellus[1] black and blue;
Then each might show, to his admiring friends,
In honourable bumps, his rich amends,
And carry, in contusions of his skull,
A satisfactory receipt in full.
  A story in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied;

[1] Dares and Entellus are the names of two prize-fighters mentioned in Virgil's Æneid, lib. v. l. 426.

But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellished with—"He said;" and "So said I."
At every interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame:
We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
And in the saddest part cry—"Droll, indeed!"
The path of narrative with care pursue,
Still making probability your clue:
On all the vestiges of truth attend,
And let them guide you to a decent end.
Of all ambitious man may entertain,
The worst that can invade a sickly brain
Is that which angles hourly for surprise,
And baits its hooks with prodigies and lies.
Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
Are fittest auditors for such to seek,
Who, to please others, will themselves disgrace,
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
A great retailer of this curious ware
Having unloaded, and made many stare,
Can this be true?—an arch-observer cries,
Yes (rather moved), I saw it with these eyes:
Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not, had I seen it with my own.
A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well-linked;
Tell not as new what every body knows,
And, old or new, still hasten to a close;
There, centering in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.
What neither yields us profit nor delight
Is like a nurse's lullaby at night:
Guy Earl of Warwick, and fair Eleanore,
Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.
The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.

Such often, like the tube they so admire,
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilises ours:
Thou art, indeed, the drug a gardener wants,
To poison vermin that infests his plants;
But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
As to despise the glory of our kind,
And show the softest minds and fairest forms
As little mercy as the grubs and worms?
They dare not wait the riotous abuse,
Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce,
When wine has given indecent language birth,
And forced the flood-gates of licentious mirth;
For sea-born Venus her attachment shows,
Still to that element from which she rose[1],
And with a quiet, which no fumes disturb,
Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.
  The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose:
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touched with the magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated, and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
An extract of his diary—no more
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home again,
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
I interrupted him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear Sir! lest you should lose it now.
  I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume,
The sight's enough,—no need to smell a beau—
Who thrusts his nose into a raree-show?
His odoriferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;

[1] Venus was said to have been born from the foam of the sea.

But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
'Tis wrong to bring into a mixed resort
What makes some sick, and others *à-la-mort*.
An argument of cogence, we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop; significant and budge[1];
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage.
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love;
But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.
Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little, or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,—
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night:
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he does not wish:
He takes what he at first professed to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.—

[1] Stiff, formal.

Alas! his efforts double his distress;
He likes your's little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.
I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute;
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But, being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip:
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complained;
It seems as if we Britons were ordained,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
The cause, perhaps, inquiry may descry,
Self-searching with an introverted eye,
Concealed within an unsuspected part,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart:
For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme;
In other eyes our talents, rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risk them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed to appear.
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by Vanity produced and nursed;
The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
"Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," uttered softly, show
Every five minutes how the minutes go;
Each individual suffering a constraint,
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint;

As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well-timed discourse.
We next inquire, but softly, and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Filled up at length with interesting news.
The visit paid, with ecstacy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation, home,
And there resume an unembarrassed brow,
Recovering what we lost, we know not how,
The faculties, that seemed reduced to nought,
Expression, and the privilege of thought.
The reeking, roaring hero of the chase,
I give him over as a desperate case.
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure:
And, though the fox he follows may be tamed,
A mere fox-follower never is reclaimed.
Some farrier should prescribe his proper course,
Whose only fit companion is his horse;
Or if, deserving of a better doom,
The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.
Yet, even the rogue that serves him, though he stand,
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,
Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good sense,
Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,
Where can at last his jockey-ship retire?
O, to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good-fellowship and noise;
There, in the sweet society of those
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,
Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.
Man's heart had been impenetrably sealed,
Like theirs that cleave the flood, or graze the field,
Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand
Given him a soul, and bade him understand;

The reasoning power vouchsafed of course inferred
The power to clothe that reason with his word;
For all is perfect that God works on earth,
And he, that gives conception, aids the birth.
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood
What uses of his boon the giver would.
The mind, despatched upon her busy toil,
Should range where Providence has blessed the soil;
Visiting every flower with labour meet,
And gathering all her treasures sweet by sweet,
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,
That good diffused may more abundant grow,
And speech may praise the power that bids it flow.
Will the sweet warbler of the livelong night,
That fills the listening lover with delight,
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,
To learn the twittering of a meaner bird?
Or make the parrot's mimicry his choice,
That odious libel on a human voice?
No—Nature, unsophisticate by man,
Starts not aside from her Creator's plan;
The melody that was at first designed
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
Is note for note delivered in our ears,
In the last scene of her six thousand years.
Yet Fashion, leader of a chattering train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her votary to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurped dominion o'er his tongue;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And, when accomplished in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable, fixed decree,
That none could frame or ratify but she,
That Heaven, and Hell, and righteousness, and sin,
Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes, (a field of day,
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray,)

Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,
Be never named in ears esteemed polite.
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,
Shall stand prescribed, a madman or a knave,
A close designer, not to be believed,
Or, if excused that charge, at least deceived.
Is it incredible, or can it seem
A dream to any, except to those that dream,
That Man should love his Maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire?
Know then, and modestly let fall your eyes,
And vail your daring crest that braves the skies;
That air of insolence affronts your God,
You need his pardon, and provoke his rod:
Now in a posture that becomes you more
Than that heroic strut assumed before,
Know your arrears with every hour accrue
For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.
The time is short, and there are souls on earth,
Though future pain may serve for present mirth,
Acquainted with the woes, that fear or shame,
By Fashion taught, forbade them once to name,
And, having felt the pangs you deem a jest,
Have proved them truths too big to be expressed.
Go, seek on Revelation's hallowed ground,
Sure to succeed, the remedy they found;
Touched by that power that you have dared to mock,
That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,
Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,
That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.
  It happened, on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied, as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more;

They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared to have done,
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,"
"We must not now be parted, sojourn here"——
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming—"'Twas the Lord!"
"Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?"
Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves:
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aimed at him.
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt, as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.
Well—what are ages and the lapse of time
Matched against truths as lasting as sublime?
Can length of years on God himself exact?
Or make that fiction which was once a fact?
No—marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's memory, pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust:
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded, as its base is sure:
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears,

The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that architect who built the skies.
Hearts may be found, that harbour at this hour,
That love of Christ, and all its quickening power,
And lips unstained by folly or by strife,
Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,
Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
A Jordan for the ablution of our woes.
O, days of Heaven, and nights of equal praise,
Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,
When souls drawn upward in communion sweet,
Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
Discourse, as if released and safe at home,
Of dangers passed, and wonders yet to come,
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted Rest.
  What, always dreaming over heavenly things,
Like angel heads in stone with pigeon-wings?
Canting and whining out all day the word,
And half the night? fanatic and absurd!
Mine be the friend less frequent in his prayers,
Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
And chase the splenetic dull hours away;
Content on Earth in earthly things to shine,
Who waits for Heaven ere he becomes divine,
Leaves saints to enjoy those altitudes they teach,
And plucks the fruit placed more within his reach.
  Well spoken, Advocate of sin and shame,
Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name.
Is sparkling Wit the World's exclusive right?
The fixed fee-simple of the vain and light?
Can hopes of Heaven, bright prospects of an hour,
That come to waft us out of Sorrow's power,
Obscure or quench a faculty, that finds
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds?
Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
And brings the trifler under rigorous sway,
But gives it usefulness unknown before,
And, purifying, makes it shine the more.
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;

Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth;
Temperance and peace ensure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Oh, I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foiled at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:
Yet above all his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the Gospel theme,
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seemed there at home,
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well.
It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,
And wiser men's ability pretence.
Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold,
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,
Embalmed for ever in its own perfume.
And to say truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstained with any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crowned with the garland of life's blooming years;
Yet age, by long experience well informed,
Well read, well tempered, with religion warmed,
That fire abated which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,

As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a reverence in its shortening day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
The fruits of age, less fair, are yet more sound,
Than those a brighter season pours around;
And, like the stores autumnal suns mature,
Through wintry rigours unimpared endure.
What is fanatic frenzy, scorned so much,
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?
I grant it dangerous, and approve your fear,
That fire is catching if you draw too near;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true piety that odious name.
To tremble (as the creature of an hour
Ought at the view of an Almighty power)
Before his presence, at whose awful throne
All tremble in all worlds, except our own,
To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise,
Though common sense, allowed a casting voice,
And free from bias, must approve the choice,
Convicts a man fanatic in the extreme,
And wild as madness in the world's esteem.
But that disease, when soberly defined,
Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind;
It views the truth with a distorted eye,
And either warps or lays it useless by;
'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws
Its sordid nourishment from man's applause;
And while at heart sin unrelinquished lies,
Presumes itself chief favourite of the skies.
True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
Of hearts in union mutually disclosed;
And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
Those hearts should be reclaimed, renewed upright.
Bad men, profaning friendship's hallowed name,
Form, in its stead, a covenant of shame,
A dark confederacy against the laws
Of virtue, and religion's glorious cause:
They build each other up with dreadful skill,
As bastions set point blank against God's will;

Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,
Deeply resolved to shut a Saviour out;
Call legions up from Hell to back the deed;
And, cursed with conquest, finally succeed.
But souls, that carry on a bless'd exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And with a fearless confidence make known
The sorrows sympathy esteems its own,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And, one in heart, in interest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.
But Conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow like waters after summer showers,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
The Christian, in whose soul, though now distressed,
Lives the dear thought of joys he once possessed,
When all his glowing language issued forth
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth,
Will speak without disguise, and must impart,
Sad as it is, his undissembling heart,
Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal,
Or seem to boast a fire he does not feel.
The song of Zion is a tasteless thing,
Unless, when rising on a joyful wing,
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
And give the strain the compass it demands.
Strange tidings these to tell a World, who treat
All but their own experience as deceit!
Will they believe, though credulous enough
To swallow much upon much weaker proof,
That there are bless'd inhabitants of earth,
Partakers of a new ethereal birth,
Their hopes, desires, and purposes, estranged
From things terrestrial, and divinely changed,
Their very language of a kind that speaks
The soul's sure interest in the good she seeks,
Who deal with Scripture, its importance felt,
As Tully[1] with philosophy once dealt,

[1] See note [5], p. 418.

And in the silent watches of the night,
And through the scenes of toil-renewing light,
The social walk, or solitary ride,
Keep still the dear companion at their side?
No—shame upon a self-disgracing age,
God's work may serve an ape upon a stage
With such a jest as filled with hellish glee
Certain invisibles as shrewd as he;
But veneration or respect finds none,
Save from the subjects of that work alone.
The World grown old her deep discernment shows,
Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,
Peruses closely the true Christian's face,
And finds it a mere mask of sly grimace;
Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare,
And finds hypocrisy close lurking there;
And, serving God herself through mere constraint,
Concludes his unfeigned love of him a feint.
And yet, God knows, look human nature through,
(And, in due time, the world shall know it too,)
That since the flowers of Eden felt the blast
That after man's defection laid all waste,
Sincerity towards the heart-searching God
Has made the new-born creature her abode,
Nor shall be found in unregenerate souls,
Till the last fire burn all between the poles.
Sincerity! why 'tis his only pride,
Weak and imperfect in all grace beside.
He knows that God demands his heart entire,
And gives him all his just demands require.
Without it, his pretensions were as vain,
As, having it, he deems the world's disdain;
That great defect would cost him not alone
Man's favorable judgment, but his own;
His birthright shaken, and no longer clear,
Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere.
Retort the charge, and let the World be told
She boasts a confidence she does not hold;
That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead,
A cold misgiving, and a killing dread:
That while in health, the ground of her support
Is madly to forget that life is short;

That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie;
That while she dotes, and dreams that she believes,
She mocks her Maker, and herself deceives,
Her utmost reach, historical assent,
The doctrines warped to what they never meant;
That truth itself is in her head as dull
And useless as a candle in a skull,
And all her love of God a groundless claim,
A trick upon the canvass, painted flame.
Tell her again, the sneer upon her face,
And all her censures of the work of grace,
Are insincere, meant only to conceal
A dread she would not, yet is forced to feel;
That in her heart the Christian she reveres,
And while she seems to scorn him, only fears.
A poet does not work by square or line,
As smiths and joiners perfect a design;
At least we moderns, our attention less,
Beyond the example of our sires digress,
And claim a right to scamper and run wide,
Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide.
The World and I fortuitously met:
I owed a trifle, and have paid the debt;
She did me wrong, I recompensed the deed,
And, having struck the balance, now proceed.
Perhaps, however, as some years have passed
Since she and I conversed together last,
And I have lived recluse in rural shades,
Which seldom a distinct report pervades,
Great changes and new manners have occurred,
And blest reforms, that I have never heard,
And she may now be as discreet and wise,
As once absurd in all discerning eyes.
Sobriety perhaps may now be found,
Where once Intoxication pressed the ground;
The subtle and injurious may be just,
And he grown chaste, that was the slave of lust;
Arts once esteemed may be with shame dismissed;
Charity may relax the miser's fist;
The gamester may have cast his cards away,
Forgot to curse, and only kneel to pray.

It has indeed been told me, (with what weight,
How credibly, 'tis hard for me to state)
That fables old, that seemed for ever mute,
Revived, are hastening into fresh repute,
And gods and goddesses discarded long,
Like useless lumber, or a stroller's song,
Are bringing into vogue their heathen train,
And Jupiter bids fair to rule again;
That certain feasts are instituted now,
Where Venus hears the lover's tender vow;
That all Olympus through the country roves,
To consecrate our few remaining groves,
And Echo learns politely to repeat
The praise of names for ages obsolete;
That, having proved the weakness, it should seem,
Of Revelation's ineffectual beam,
To bring the passions under sober sway,
And give the moral springs their proper play,
They mean to try what may at last be done
By stout substantial gods of wood and stone,
And whether Roman rites may not produce
The virtues of old Rome for English use.
May such success attend the pious plan,
May Mercury[1] once more embellish man,
Grace him again with long-forgotten arts,
Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts,
Make him athletic, as in days of old,
Learn'd at the bar, in the palæstra[1] bold,
Divest the rougher sex of female airs,
And teach the softer not to copy theirs:
The change shall please, nor shall it matter aught
Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought.
'Tis time, however, if the case stand thus,
For us plain folks, and all who side with us,
To build our altar, confident and bold,
And say, as stern Elijah said of old,
The strife now stands upon a fair award,
If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord:
If he be silent, faith is all a whim,
Then Baal is the God, and worship him.

[1] The Greek Hermes (Mercury,) was the god of inventive arts. Another of his important functions was his being the patron of all the gymnastic games of the Greeks.

Digression is so much in modern use,
Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,
Some never seem so wide of their intent,
As when returning to the theme they meant;
As mendicants, whose business is to roam,
Make every parish but their own their home.
Though such continual zigzags in a book,
Such drunken reelings have an awkward look,
And I had rather creep to what is true,
Than rove and stagger with no mark in view;
Yet to consult a little seemed no crime,
The freakish humour of the present time:
But now to gather up what seems dispersed,
And touch the subject I designed at first,
May prove, though much beside the rules of art,
Best for the public, and my wisest part.
And first, let no man charge me, that I mean
To clothe in sable every social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around their father's bier;
For tell some men, that pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work, is life mis-spent,
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry.
To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.
But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
Shoots between scattered rocks, and opening shades,
And, while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of the land she seeks inspires.
Thus touched, the tongue receives a sacred cure
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure;
Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech—
Pursues the course that Truth and Nature teach;
No longer labours merely to produce
The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use:
Where'er it winds, the salutary stream,
Sprightly and fresh, enriches every theme,
While all the happy man possessed before,
The gift of nature, or the classic store,

Is made subservient to the grand design,
For which Heaven formed the faculty divine.
So should an idiot, while at large he strays,
Find the sweet lyre on which an artist plays,
With rash and awkward force the chords he shakes,
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes;
But let the wise and well-instructed hand,
Once take the shell beneath his just command,
In gentle sounds it seems as it complained
Of the rude injuries it late sustained,
Till tuned at length to some immortal song,
It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.

EXAMINATION ON "CONVERSATION."

1. How would you characterise the poetry of Cowper?
2. Show his satirical power by an extract from this poem.
3. Who were Dares and Entellus?
4. How does Cowper's style differ from Pope's?
5. What general feeling pervades Cowper's poetry?
6. Quote some striking passages from this poem.
7. What may be said of Cowper's versification?
8. What is Cowper's general aim in his works?
9. Why is he considered as an English classic?

RETIREMENT.

Hackneyed in business, wearied at that oar
Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequestered spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of Ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifler, die a man.

Thus Conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
Though long rebelled against, not yet suppressed,
And calls a creature formed for God alone,
For Heaven's high purposes, and not his own,
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what inflames,
From cities humming with a restless crowd,
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are clustered close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below,
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's power and love.
'Tis well if, looked for at so late a day,
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
Souls that have long despised their heavenly birth,
Their wishes all impregnated with Earth,
For threescore years employed with ceaseless care
In catching smoke, and feeding upon air,
Conversant only with the ways of men,
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
Inveterate habits choke the unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate its tenderest part,
And, draining its nutritious powers to feed
Their noxious growth, starve every better seed.
Happy, if full of days—but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world, that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the sovereign we were born to obey.
Then sweet to muse upon his skill displayed,
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made!
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of power divine,
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,

The shapely limb and lubricated joint
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks and it is done,
The invisible in things scarce seen revealed,
To whom an atom is an ample field;
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatched, and those resuscitated worms,
New life ordained and brighter scenes to share,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and size,
More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
With helmet-heads, and dragon-scales adorned,
The mighty myriads, now securely scorned,
Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth.
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers poured at his command
From urns that never fail, through every land;
These like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course;
The cloud-surmounting Alps; the fruitful vales;
Seas, on which every nation spreads her sails;
The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light;
The crescent moon, the diadem of night;
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space—
At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim:—
"These are thy glorious works," thou Source of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
"Thine," and upheld by thy paternal care,
"This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy power divine, and bounty beyond thought,"
Adored and praised in all that thou hast wrought.
Absorbed in that immensity I see,
I shrink abased, and yet aspire to thee;
Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day.
Thy words, more clearly than thy works, display,
That, while thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine.

O blest proficiency! surpassing all
That men erroneously their glory call,
The recompense that arts or arms can yield,
The bar, the senate, or the tented field.
Compared with this sublimest life below,
Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to show?
Thus studied, used and consecrated thus,
On earth what is seems formed indeed for us;
Not as the plaything of a froward child,
Fretful unless diverted and beguiled,
Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires
Of pride, ambition, or impure desires,
But as a scale, by which the soul ascends
From mighty means to more important ends,
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
And sees, by no fallacious light or dim,
Earth made for man, and man himself for him.
Not that I mean to approve, or would enforce
A superstitious or monastic course:
Truth is not local, God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be feared amidst the busiest scenes,
Or scorned where business never intervenes.
But 'tis not easy with a mind like ours,
Conscious of weakness in its noblest powers,
And in a world where, other ills apart,
The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
To limit thought, by nature prone to stray
Wherever freakish fancy points the way;
To bid the pleadings of self-love be still,
Resign our own, and seek our Maker's will;
To spread the page of Scripture, and compare
Our conduct with the laws engraven there;
To measure all that passes in the breast,
Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test;
To dive into the secret deeps within,
To spare no passion, and no favourite sin,
And search the themes, important above all,
Ourselves, and our recovery from our fall.
But leisure, silence, and a mind released
From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increased,

How to secure, in some propitious hour,
The point of interest, or the post of power,
A soul serene, and equally retired
From objects too much dreaded or desired,
Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.
  Opening the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
A few forsake the throng: with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Sealed with his signet, whom they serve and love;
Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their impatient state,
And unregretted are soon snatched away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.
  Nor these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek refinement for its proper use;
The love of change, that reigns in every breast,
Genius and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one centre meet,
And each inclines its votary to retreat.
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,
The lure of avarice, or the pompous prize,
That courts display before ambitious eyes;
The fruits that hang on pleasure's flowery stem,
Whate'er enchants them, are no snares to them.
To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest where the deer securely roves,

The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share.
With eager step, and carelessly arrayed,
For such a cause, the poet seeks the shade,
From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleased Fancy claps her pinions at the sight;
The rising or the setting orb of day,
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs,
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,
All, all alike transport the glowing bard,
Success in rhyme his glory and reward.
O Nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections at whose word they rose,
Next to that power who formed thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give useful light, though I should miss renown
And, poring on thy page, whose every line
Bears proof of an intelligence divine,
May feel a heart enriched by what it pays,
That builds its glory on its Maker's praise.
Wo to the man whose wit disclaims its use,
Glittering in vain, or only to seduce,
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admires the work, but slips the lesson by;
Retires to blazon his own worthless name,
Or shoot the careless with a surer aim.
  The lover, too, shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolater of absent charms.
Saints offer nothing in their warmest prayers,
That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs;
'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time,
And every thought that wanders is a crime.
In sighs he worships his supremely fair,
And weeps a sad libation in despair;

Adores a creature, and devout in vain,
Wins in return an answer of disdain.
As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash, or glossy beech,
In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and lays
Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,
But does a mischief while she lends a grace,
Straitening its growth by such a strict embrace;
So love, that clings around the noblest minds,
Forbids the advancement of the soul he binds:
The suitor's air indeed he soon improves,
And forms it to the tastes of her he loves,
Teaches his eyes a language, and no less
Refines his speech, and fashions his address;
But farewell promises of happier fruits,
Manly designs, and learning's grave pursuits;
Girt with a chain he cannot wish to break,
His only bliss is sorrow for her sake;
Who will may pant for glory and excel,
Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell!
Thyrsis, Alexis, or whatever name
May least offend against so pure a flame,
Though sage advice of friends the most sincere
Sounds harshly in so delicate an ear,
And lovers, of all creatures tame or wild,
Can least brook management, however mild,
Yet let a poet (poetry disarms
The fiercest animals with magic charms)
Risk an intrusion on thy pensive mood,
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.
Pastoral images and still retreats,
Umbrageous walks and solitary seats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams,
Are all enchantments in a case like thine,
Conspire against thy peace with one design,
Soothe thee to make thee but a surer prey,
And feed the fire that wastes thy powers away.
Up!—God hath formed thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.

Woman indeed, a gift he would bestow,
When he designed a Paradise below,
The richest earthly boon his hands afford,
Deserves to be beloved, but not adored.
Post away swiftly to more active scenes,
Collect the scattered truths that study gleans,
Mix with the world, but with its wiser part,
No longer give an image all thine heart,
Its empire is not hers, nor is it thine,
'Tis God's just claim, prerogative divine.
Virtuous and faithful HEBERDEN[1], whose skill
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,
Gives Melancholy up to Nature's care,
And sends the patient into purer air.
Look where he comes!—in this embowered alcove
Stand close concealed, and see a statue move.
Lips busy, and eyes fixed, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below,
Interpret to the marking eye distress
Such as its symptoms can alone express.
That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest or join the song,
Could give advice, could censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend
Renounced alike its office and its sport,
Its brisker and its graver strains fall short;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer's brook are passed away.
This is a sight for Pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierced with the woes that she laments in vain.
This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least:
Job felt it, when he groaned beneath the rod,
And the barbed arrows of a frowning God;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
Blessed, rather cursed, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close-hammered steel,

[1] William Heberden, an eminent physician, born in London 1710, died at Windsor 1801.

With mouth made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds that deem derided pain a treat,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit that puppet-prompters might inspire,
Their sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke
On pangs enforced with God's severest stroke.
But with a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing:
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise;
He that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little all, he can,
To assuage the throbbings of the festered part,
And staunch the bleedings of a broken heart.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which, if he please
God in a moment executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.
Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,
Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by;
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss his chastening hand.
To thee the dayspring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple evening, and resplendent moon,
The stars that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a shower of light,

Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:
Yet seek him:—in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside, a shadow or a sound:
Then Heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull Earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth;
Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despised and overlooked no more,
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.
"Ye groves" (the statesman at his desk exclaims,
Sick of a thousand disappointed aims),
"My patrimonial treasure and my pride,
Beneath your shades your grey possessor hide,
Receive me languishing for that repose
The servant of the public never knows.
Ye saw me once (ah, those regretted days,
When boyish innocence was all my praise!)
Hour after hour delightfully allot
To studies then familiar, since forgot,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching its ardour as I mused along;
Not seldom, as propitious Heaven might send,
What once I valued and could boast;—a friend,
Were witnesses how cordially I pressed
His undissembling virtue to my breast;
Receive me now, not uncorrupt, as then,
Not guiltless of corrupting other men,
But versed in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A fallen empire, hasten its decay.
To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come;
For once, I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends my choice.
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire."
'Tis done:—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays

That whirl away from business and debate
The disencumbered Atlas of the State.
Ask not the boy who, when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glittering drops from every thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then, under bank or bush,
Sits linking cherry-stones, or platting rush,
How fair is Freedom—he was always free.
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill-fashioned hook,
To draw the incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew;
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
The good we never miss we rarely prize:
But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,
Escaped from office and its constant cares,
What charms he sees in Freedom's smile expressed,
In Freedom lost so long, now repossessed;
The tongue, whose strains were cogent as commands,
Revered at home, and felt in foreign lands,
Shall own itself a stammerer in that cause,
Or plead its silence as its best applause.
He knows, indeed, that whether dressed or rude,
Wild without art, or artfully subdued,
Nature in every form inspires delight,
But never marked her with so just a sight.
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er,
Green balks[1] and furrowed lands, the stream that spreads
Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,
Downs, that almost escape the enquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the distant sky,
Beauties he lately slighted as he passed,
Seem all created since he travelled last.
Master of all the enjoyments he designed,
No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,
What early philosophic hours he keeps!
How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps!
Not sounder he, that on the mainmast head,
When morning kindles with a windy red,

[1] Ridges of land left unploughed.

Begins a long look-out for distant land,
Nor quits till evening watch his giddy stand,
Then swift descending with a seaman's haste,
Slips to his hammock, and forgets the blast.
He chooses company, but not the squire's,
Whose wit is rudeness, whose good-breeding tires;
Nor yet the parson's, who would gladly come,
Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home;
Nor can he much affect the neighbouring peer,
Whose toe of emulation treads too near;
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend,
With whom, dismissing forms, he may unbend;
A man, whom marks of condescending grace
Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place;
Who comes when called, and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause;
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence;
On whom he rests well pleased his weary powers,
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.
The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May run in cities with a brisker force,
But nowhere with a current so serene,
Or half so clear as in the rural scene.
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss!
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here;
No happiness is felt, except the true,
That does not charm the more for being new,
This observation, as it chanced, not made,
Or, if the thought occurred, not duly weighed,
He sighs—for after all, by slow degrees,
The spot he loved has lost the power to please;
To cross his ambling pony day by day,
Seems at the best but dreaming life away;
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
He views it not, or sees no beauty there;
With aching heart, and discontented looks,
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounced employs.

He chides the tardiness of every post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost;
Blames his own indolence; observes, though late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state;
Flies to the levee, and, received with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.
  Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread the encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sashed, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement, who would baulk the thought,
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
The second mile-stone fronts the garden-gate
A step if fair, and if a shower approach,
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
There, prisoned in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
The man of business and his friends compressed,
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From every window, and the fields are green;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more?
A sense of elegance we rarely find
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,
And ignorance of better things makes man,
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can;
And he that deems his leisure well bestowed
In contemplation of a turnpike road,
Is occupied as well, employs his hours
As wisely, and as much improves his powers,
As he that slumbers in pavilions, graced
With all the charms of an accomplished taste.
Yet hence, alas! insolvencies; and hence
The unpitied victim of ill-judged expense,
From all his wearisome engagements freed,
Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed.
  Your prudent grand-mammas, ye modern belles,
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells,

When health required it, could consent to roam,
Else more attached to pleasures found at home;
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys;
And all, impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea.—
Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the power and majesty of God.
He swathes about the swelling of the deep,
That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep;
Vast as it is, it answers, as it flows,
The breathings of the lightest air that blows;
Curling and whitening over all the waste,
The rising waves obey the increasing blast,
Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,
Thunder and flash upon the steadfast shores,
Till He that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein,
Then all the world of waters sleeps again.—
Nereids[1] or Dryads[2], as the fashion leads,
Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,
Votaries of Pleasure still, where'er she dwells,
Near barren rocks, or palaces, or cells,
O grant a poet leave to recommend
(A poet fond of Nature, and your friend)
Her slighted works to your admiring view;
Her works must needs excel, who fashioned you.
Would ye, when rambling in your morning ride,
With some unmeaning coxcomb at your side,
Condemn the prattler for his idle pains,
To waste unheard the music of his strains,
And, deaf to all the impertinence of tongue,
That, while it courts, affronts, and does you wrong.
Mark well the finished plan without a fault,
The seas globose and huge, the o'erarching vault,
Earth's millions daily fed, a world employed
In gathering plenty yet to be enjoyed,

[1] The daughters of Nereus, the marine nymphs of the Mediterranean, as distinct from the Naiades or nymphs of fresh water, and Oceanides or nymphs of the great ocean.

[2] The Dryades were the nymphs of trees or woods, and were believed to die with the trees they had made their abode, and with which they had come into existence.

Till gratitude grew vocal in the praise
Of God, beneficent in all his ways;
Graced with such wisdom, how would beauty shine!
Ye want but that to seem indeed divine.
  Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,
Force many a shining youth into the shade,
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
And play the fool but at a cheaper rate.
There, hid in loathed obscurity, removed
From pleasures left, but never more beloved,
He just endures, and, with a sickly spleen,
Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming scene.
Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme;
Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime:
The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
Are musical enough in Thomson's song,
And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets;
He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it when he studies it in town.
  Poor Jack — no matter who — for when I blame,
I pity, and must therefore sink the name,
Lived in the saddle, loved the chase, the course,
And always, ere he mounted, kissed his horse.
The estate his sires had owned in ancient years
Was quickly distanced, matched against a peer's.
Jack vanished, was regretted and forgot;
'Tis wild good-nature's never-failing lot.
At length, when all had long supposed him dead,
By cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,
My lord, alighting at his usual place,
The Crown, took notice of an ostler's face.
Jack knew his friend, but hoped in that disguise
He might escape the most observing eyes,
And whistling, as if unconcerned and gay,
Curried his nag, and looked another way.
Convinced at last, upon a nearer view,
'Twas he, the same, the very Jack he knew,
O'erwhelmed at once with wonder, grief, and joy,
He pressed him much to quit this base employ;
His countenance, his purse, his hand,
Influence, and power were all at his command:

Peers are not always generous as well-bred,
But Granby was:—meant truly what he said.
Jack bowed, and was obliged—confessed 'twas strange,
That so retired he should not wish a change,
But knew no medium between guzzling beer,
And his old stint—three thousand pounds a-year.
Thus some retire to nourish hopeless woe;
Some seeking happiness not found below;
Some to comply with humour, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclined;
Some swayed by fashion, some by deep disgust;
Some self-impoverished, and because they must;
But few, that court Retirement, are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.
Lucrative offices are seldom lost
For want of powers proportioned to the post;
Give e'en a dunce the employment he desires,
And he soon finds the talents it requires;
A business with an income at its heels
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.
But in his arduous enterprize to close
His active years with indolent repose,
He finds the labours of that state exceed
His utmost faculties, severe indeed.
'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace;
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
The veteran steed, excused his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turned into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind:
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he had bestowed,
He proves, less happy than his favoured brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.
Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;
But reveries (for human minds will act)
Specious in show, impossible in fact,

Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought:
Nor yet the swarms that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue and pleasure reign;
Nor such as useless conversation breeds,
Or lust engenders, and indulgence feeds.
Whence, and what are we? to what end ordained?
What means the drama by the world sustained?
Business, or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of earth.
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ?
Life an entrusted talent, or a toy?
Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When earth's assigned duration at an end,
Man shall be summoned, and the dead attend?
The trumpet—will it sound, the curtain rise,
And show the august tribunal of the skies!
Where no prevarication shall avail,
Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
And conscience and our conduct judge us all?
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil
To learnèd cares or philosophic toil,
Though I revere your honourable names,
Your useful labours, and important aims,
And hold the world indebted to your aid,
Enriched with the discoveries ye have made;
Yet let me stand excused, if I esteem
A mind employed on so sublime a theme,
Pushing her bold inquiry to the date
And outline of the present transient state,
And, after poising her adventurous wings,
Settling at last upon eternal things,
Far more intelligent and better taught,
The strenuous use of profitable thought,
Than ye, when happiest and enlightened most,
And highest in renown, can justly boast.
A mind unnerved, or indisposed to bear
The weight of subjects worthiest of her care,
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as when it stands.
Books therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves,
Nor those in which the stage gives vice a blow,
With what success let modern manners show;
Nor his, who for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn,
Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
And stab religion with a sly side thrust;
Nor those of learn'd philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark;
But such as learning without false pretence,
The friend of Truth, the associate of sound Sense,
And such as, in the zeal of good design,
Strong judgment labouring in the Scripture mine,
All such as manly and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use:
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
And, while she polishes, perverts the taste:
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one general cry,—
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
The loud demand, from year to year the same,
Beggars Invention, and makes Fancy lame;
Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;
And novels, (witness every month's review,)
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.
The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
Friends, (for I cannot stint, as some have done,
Too rigid in my view, that name to one;
Though one, I grant it, in the generous breast
Will stand advanced a step above the rest

Flowers by that name promiscuously we call,
But one, the rose, the regent of them all)—
Friends, not adopted with a school-boy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well-born, well-disciplined, who placed apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
And though the world may think the ingredients odd,
The love of virtue, and the fear of God!
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
A temper rustic as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean
As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene:
For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
A sepulchre in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman[1]; his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—"solitude is sweet."
Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
Can save us always from a tedious day,
Or shine the dulness of still life away:
Divine communion, carefully enjoyed,
Or sought with energy, must fill the void.
O sacred art to which alone life owes
Its happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
Scorned in a world, indebted to that scorn
For evils daily felt, and hardly borne,
Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands
Flowers of rank odour upon thorny lands,
And while Experience cautions us in vain,
Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain.
Despondence, self-deserted in her grief,
Lost by abandoning her own relief,
Murmuring and ungrateful Discontent,
That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
Those humours, tart as wines upon the fret,
Which idleness and weariness beget;

[1] The French philosopher, La Bruyère; the translator of the "*Characters*" of Theophrastus: he was born 1644, died 1696.

These, and a thousand plagues that haunt the breast,
Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,
Divine communion chases, as the day
Drives to their dens the obedient beasts of prey.
See Judah's promised king[1], bereft of all,
Driven out an exile from the face of Saul,
To distant caves the lonely wanderer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
Hear him, o'erwhelmed with sorrow, yet rejoice;
No womanish or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart;
'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake;
His soul exults, hope animates his lays,
The sense of mercy kindles into praise,
And wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,
Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before;
'Tis love like his that can alone defeat
The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.
  Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued;
To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, the herb, or plant that each demands;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create;
To mark the matchless workings of the power,
That shuts within its seed the future flower,
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes:
To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of Time.
  Me poetry (or rather, notes that aim
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)

[1] See 1 Samuel, xix.

Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse;
Content if, thus sequestered, I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

EXAMINATION ON "RETIREMENT."

1. What moral lessons may be drawn from this poem?
2. Where does Cowper discover a vein of humour in this poem?
3. Who was La Bruyère?
4. Are any of the above lessons practical?
5. Who were the Nereids and Dryads?
6. In which poet do we find most classical allusions—Milton, Shakspere, or Cowper?
7. What epithet would, perhaps, most distinctively characterise Cowper's poetry?
8. Extract some of the most striking passages.
9. In what qualities is the poetry of Cowper deficient?
10. Point out some satirical passages in this poem?

DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

JAMES THOMSON.

WINTER.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain;
Trod the pure-virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed
In the grim evening-sky. Thus passed the time;
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Looked out the joyous Spring—looked out and smiled.
To thee, the patron of this first essay[1],
The muse, O Wilmington[2], renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skimmed the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the summer blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale,
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Rolled in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds,
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great;

[1] "Winter," published in 1726, was the first of the "Seasons," which appeared.

[2] Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, was the earliest patron of Thomson.

Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skilled in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal—
A steady spirit, regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.
  Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur-archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year[1]—
Hung o'er the farthest verge of Heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwished; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of Heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discoloured flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm,
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,

[1] This line is imitated from Horace. See Serm. lib. i. v. 36. — "inversum *contristat* Aquarius annum."

And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook,
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapped in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd—
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrained
Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream—
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonished, and astonished sings!
Ye too, ye winds, that now begin to blow

With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say
Where your aërial magazine reserved
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hushed in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stained—red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.[1]
Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened nostrils to the sky upturned,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale,
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper, and the crackling flame,
Foretel the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They picked their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal pressed, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn-sounding, bids the world prepare.

[1] The cause of "falling stars" has *not* yet been satisfactorily explained. They are observed in great numbers about the early part of August.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust,
Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
What of its tarnished honours yet remain;
Dashed down, and scattered by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatched, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burdened air
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.[1]

[1] See "Macbeth," act ii. scene 8. "Lamentings heard in the air," &c.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixed
With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky,
All nature reels: till nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hushed at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious night,
And contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude, disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure —
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
The keener tempests come; and fuming dun[1]
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb
A vapouring deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all: save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods

[1] Darkly steaming.

Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household-gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all his smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain

Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag[1] the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray—
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home: the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage, rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,

[1] Roughen.

Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse—
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want and dungeon-glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake,
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
And social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
And here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied and unheard where misery moans,

Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants raged:
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed;
Even robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes;
And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toiled or bled.
Oh, great design! if executed well
With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal.
  Ye sons of mercy, yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouched remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade),
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!
  By wintry famine roused, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps
And wavy Apennines and Pyrenees
Branch out stupendous into distant lands—
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart;
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,

Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguished prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up—lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mixed with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.
Among those hilly regions, where embraced
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons[1] dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelmed.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who blessed mankind
With arts and arms, and humanized a world.
Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-lived volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that, slowly rising, pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates[2],
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
That voice of God within the attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life or death:
Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind!

[1] A Swiss Canton, the most extensive, except Bern, in the whole Confederation. It is surrounded on every side by lofty mountains.

[2] See note [4], p. 418.

Solon[1] the next who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamped
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurelled field of finer arts
And of bold freedom, they unequalled shone—
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then[2], who bowed beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm, devoted Chief[3], who proved by deeds
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides[4] lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice
Of Freedom gave the noblest name of "JUST;"
In pure majestic poverty revered;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swelled a haughty rival's fame.
Reared by his care, of softer ray, appears
Cimon[5], sweet-souled, whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad,
The scourge of Persian pride; at home, the friend
Of every worth, and every splendid art—
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.
Then, the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late-called to glory, in unequal times,
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon[6], tempered happy, mild and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
And, equal to the best, the Theban pair[7],
Whose virtues, in heroic concord joined,

[1] The celebrated Athenian legislator; the son of Execestides, a descendant of Codrus, born about 632, B. C.

[2] The Spartan legislator; said to have been the founder of the Lacedæmonian institutions and form of government.

[3] Leonidas the king of Sparta, who commanded the force appointed to oppose the advance of Xerxes at Thermopylæ, 480 B. C.

[4] The son of Lysimachus the Athenian, celebrated for his integrity and justice.

[5] The Son of Miltiades, the conqueror at Marathon; remarkable for his frankness and affability of manner.

[6] The son of Timodemus of Corinth: his brother Timophanes having resolved to make himself tyrant of Corinth, Timoleon caused him to be put to death; or, as some say, slew him with his own hand.

[7] Epaminondas and Pelopidas, two Theban commanders and intimate

Their country raised to freedom, virtue, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion[1] the good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smoothed his brow,
Not friendship softer was, not love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state, Agis[2], who saw
Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achæan heroes close the train,
Aratus[3], who a while relumed the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece;
And he, her darling, as her latest, hope,
The gallant Philopœmen[4], who to arms
Turned the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or, toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly loved.
Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa[5], who softened her rapacious sons.

friends; who raised their country to an unprecedented, though short-lived power.

[1] The son of Phocus, a man of humble origin, born about 402, B. C. He was a great orator, general, and statesman, and one of the last of the great men of Athens. He was condemned through the intrigues of a faction to drink poison, B.C. 317.

[2] Agis IV., King of Sparta. He succeeded his father in 244 B.C., and reigned four years. Agis attempted to reform the morals of the Spartans, by restoring the laws of Lycurgus, but was prevented by the aristocracy. He was at length condemned for attempting to introduce innovations into the state.

[3] The son of Cleinias, born at Sicyon 271, died 213 B.C. His whole life was spent in an attempt to unite the states of Greece together, so as to resist the overwhelming power of Macedon. He is said to have been killed by slow poison through the agency of Philip of Macedon.

[4] Son of Craugis of Megalopolis in Arcadia, and general of the Achæan league. He was considered the greatest man of his day, and was possessed of incorruptible integrity, and undoubted courage. Born 252, B.C.; put to death by Deinocrates 183, B.C.

[5] Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, the second king of Rome, remarkable for his piety and peaceful disposition. It may be proper, however, here to remark, that the historical existence of this king is doubted by modern historians.

Servius[1], the king who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The public father who the private quelled,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad,
He whom his thankless country could not lose,
Camillus[2], only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius[3], scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus[4], awful from the plough.
Thy willing victim, Carthage[5], bursting loose
From all that pleading nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears by rigid faith
Imperious called, and honour's dire command.
Scipio[6], the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran;
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,
With friendship and philosophy retired.
Tully[7], whose powerful eloquence a while
Restrained the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquered Cato[8], virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy Brutus[9], kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
Thousands, besides, the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of Heaven?

[1] Servius Tullius, the sixth king of Rome; the founder of the Roman constitution.

[2] Marcus Furius Camillus, several times chosen dictator of Rome. He captured Rome from the Gauls, who had taken and sacked it. He died of the plague B.C. 365.

[3] Fabricius, consul of Rome, 283 B.C. He was sent to King Pyrrhus to treat of the ransom of prisoners, when the king's physician offered Fabricius to poison his master for a sum of money. Fabricius arrested him, and sent him in fetters to Pyrrhus.

[4] Twice appointed dictator. In the first case he triumphed over the Æqui, and resigned his office in ten days. He was chosen a second time at the age of eighty, to oppose the alleged machinations of Spurius Mælius.

[5] Marcus Atilius Regulus, celebrated for his military exploits against the Carthaginians. He was taken prisoner by Xantippus. Being sent to Rome to negotiate for the ransom of prisoners, he secretly advised the senate to refuse the terms. He returned to Carthage and there died.

[6] Scipio Africanus, one of the greatest men of Rome; celebrated for his humanity and honourable conduct.

[7] See note [5], p. 418.

[8] Cato, surnamed Uticensis, from Utica, the place of his death. Born B.C. 95. He put himself to death, B.C. 46, rather than fall into the hands of Julius Cæsar.

[9] M. Junius Brutus, the friend, and afterwards assassin, of Julius Cæsar. Born, B.C. 85. Died, B. C. 42.

Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus'[1] self, or else the Mantuan Swain![2]
Great Homer too, appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and equal by his side,
The British Muse; joined hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
Nor absent are those shades whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew the impassioned heart, and charmed
Transported Athens with the moral scene[3],
Nor those who, tuneful, waked the enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart:
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond?[4] thou, the darling pride,
The friend, and lover of the tuneful throng?
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravished from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasured store
Of knowledge, early gained? that eager zeal
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtue smile?

[1] The sun.
[2] Virgil.
[3] Æschylus and Aristophanes.
[4] Antony Hammond, the author of some elegiac poetry of but moderate merit. He died, 1742.

Ah! only showed, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humble hopes that life is vain!
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter glooms with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was called late-rising from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from the Eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to the astonished eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world;
Which, though to us it seems embroiled, moves on
In higher order—fitted and impelled
By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage historic muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,
In scattered states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talked,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest Heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doomed,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul—
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life; or snatched away by hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder—where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But, when with these the serious thought is foiled,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train

Of fleet ideas, never joined before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise—
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime, the village rouses up the fire:
While, well-attested, and as well-believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatched hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warmed with mixed discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mixed, and evolved, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beamed from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in his summer shine,
The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia[1] mourns;
And Belvidera[2] pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes

[1] A character in "The Distressed Mother."

[2] A character in Otway's play of "Venice Preserved."

Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil[1] showed.
O thou, whose wisdom, solid, yet refined,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Joined to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
Of polished life—permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield[2], to grace thee with her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplished mind,
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects the allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind, well-tempered satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening Senate, ardent crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlightened thoughts; called from the heart,
The obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power—as though the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse;
For now, behold, the joyous winter days,
Frosty succeed; and through the blue serene,

[1] A character in "The Conscious Lovers," written by Sir Richard Steele.

[2] Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, born 1694, died 1773, known for his "Letters to his Son."

For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies—
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feed and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain.—
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen,
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steamed eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool,
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone—
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread

Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
And morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And, by the frost refined, the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
  On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where, mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or where the Rhine,
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia[1] rushes forth; and as they sweep
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
Then the gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames,

[1] The ancient name of Holland.

Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff.
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun,
And dog, impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.
But what is this? our infant winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye,
Astonished, shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barred by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns, far distant, never blessed,
Save when its annual course the caravan,
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay[1]
With news of human kind. Yet their life glows;
Yet cherished there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour; tipped with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrowned,
Or beauteous freaked with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly price of courts.
There, warm together pressed, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and scarce his head
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk

[1] The ancient name of China.

Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with pond'rous clubs
As weak against the mountain heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Boötes[1] urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frozen Caurus[2] pierced,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame
Of lost mankind in polished slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquished world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise the insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives;
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition, bid it rage.
Their reindeer for their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heaped into one expanse
Of marbled snow, or far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.

[1] From the Greek Βοῦς, an ox; the name given to a small star near the Great Bear. The word signifies a *hardsman*.

[2] The north-west wind. See Virgil Georg. 3. 278.

By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the radiant waste,
Even in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day—enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wished spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months
Still, round and round, his spiral course he winds,
And, as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods
Where pure Niemi's[1] fairy mountains rise,
And, fringed with roses, Tenglio[2] rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They, cheerful loaded to their tents repair,
Where, all day long in useful cares employed,
Their kind unblemished wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secured
From legal plunder and rapacious power;
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The deeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed; nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still pressing on, beyond Tornéa's lake[3],
And Hecla[4], flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild, stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule

[1] A beautiful lake and mountain in Lapland.
[2] A river in Lapland.
[3] The town of Tornea, which gives its name to the lake, is situated on a river of the same name, near the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia.
[4] A burning mountain in Iceland.

Of driving tempest is for ever heard.
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Thence, winding eastward to the Tartar coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky—
And icy mountains, high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on alps, or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again returned,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagged o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
Who here, entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut,
By jealous nature, with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina[1] caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate sealed, he, with his hapless crew,
Each full-exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.[2]
Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream

[1] A river about six days' sail east of Wardhus.

[2] An allusion to the unfortunate *voyage*, in 1553, of Sir Hugh Willoughby, Richard Chancellor, and Stephen Burroughs, who perished in their attempt to discover a north-east passage.

Rolls the wild Oby[1], live the last of men;
And, half enlivened by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness, they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered savage to the chase.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire—one vast mind,
By Heaven inspired, from Gothic darkness called.
Immortal Peter[2], first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he raised the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toiled
Through long successive ages, to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reigned till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurned the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land—in every port,
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool—
Gathered the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes!
Then cities rise amid the illumined waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social joined;
The astonished Euxine[3] hears the Baltic roar,

[1] A large river of Asiatic Russia.
[2] Peter the Great of Russia. Peter established a commercial communication between St. Petersburgh and the Black Sea.
[3] The Black Sea, the Pontus Euxinus of the *Greeks* and Romans.

Proud navies ride on seas that never foamed
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files—repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the North[1],
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons[2],
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that roused the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade—
For what his wisdom planned, and power enforced,
More potent still, his great example showed.
  Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow blustering from the South. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw,
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash the ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty North;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave—
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,
That, tossed amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine; while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,

[1] Charles XII. of Sweden.

[2] Othman was the third Caliph of the Saracens after Mahomet.

Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famished monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done!—Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year:
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years—
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating world, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude—while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why Heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair wore the red marks

Of superstition's scourge; why licensed pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile;
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

EXAMINATION ON "WINTER."

1. To what form of poetry does this poem belong?
2. What qualities characterise Thomson's poetry?
3. Quote some fine passages from this poem.
4. With what defects is this poet chargeable?
5. Explain some of the classical allusions in this poem.
6. What is there peculiar in Thomson's descriptions?
7. Scan the first ten lines of this poem.
8. Is the same power sustained throughout this poem?
9. Quote some weak passages from this poem.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground.
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And Desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him, light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentler hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare when hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is dead:
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran:
Even children followed, with endearing wile;
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures, placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glittered in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup, and pass it to the rest.
  Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined[1]:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?
  Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:

[1] See Milton's "Paradise Lost," book ii. line 178.

While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please, while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed;
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!
Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The ratting chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!—
Are these thy serious thoughts? ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.[1]
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene;
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered harmless thefts of love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,

[1] Altama, a river in N. America, one of the boundaries of Georgia.

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the watery main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned, and wept, and still returned to weep!
The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught large and more large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;

Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well:
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's [1] cliffs, or Pambamarca's [2] side
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
And slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away,
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

EXAMINATION ON "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

1. What is the prominent characteristic of Goldsmith's poetry?
2. What opinion can we arrive at respecting the poem before us?
3. Quote some examples of "picturesque" passages.
4. What may be said of the versification?
5. What passages may be extracted as possessing great poetical beauty?
6. What is the moral intended to be conveyed by this poem?
7. Scan the last twelve lines of this poem.

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[1] This must be the river Tornea, which falls into the Gulf of Bothnia.

[2] A mountain near Quito, in Peru.

THE TRAVELLER,

OR

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian [1] boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's [2] plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;

[1] An inland and mountainous province of the Austrian empire.

[2] Campagna di Roma, the most southern division of the Papal States, nearly corresponding to the ancient Latium. Though in some parts barren, it is not altogether so desolate as here stated.

And, placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward, where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless Pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humble bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amid the scene, to find
Some spot, to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own:
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks the gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
  Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's[1] cliffs, as Arno's[2] shelvy side;
And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,
Those rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art, more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.
  But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here for a while, my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
  Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
  Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of ITALY were surely blest,
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground?

[1] Idria in Carniola, known for its quicksilver mines.

[2] A considerable and celebrated river of Tuscany.

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal hues, that blossom but to die,
There, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here;
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state.
At her command, the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glowed, beyond even nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form [1],
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride!
From there the feeble heart and long-fallen mind,
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen in bloodless pomp arrayed
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love;
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child:

[1] Age of Leo X.

Each nobler aim, repressed by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind;
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
  Yet still even here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm:
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all.
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed:
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal,
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys,
His childrens' looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;

And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies;
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assigned,
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined,
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few,
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed:
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
The level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall, blunted, from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons, cowering o'er the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and FRANCE displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led the sportive choir
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour,
Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land.
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where HOLLAND lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil,
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even Liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgian sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes[1] glide.

[1] See note, "Paradise Lost," book iii. l. 181.

There, all around, the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear,
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But fostered even by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed Ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
The time may come, when, stripped of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the land of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonoured lie.
Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.

Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire,
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun:
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart,
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste;
Like flaring tapers, brightening as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?

Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main:
Where wild Oswego[1] spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara[2] stuns with thundering sound?
Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary wish to find,
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves, in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown[3], and Damien's bed of steel[4],
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

[1] A river of the United States of N. America, which flows into the Lake Ontario.

[2] One of the most stupendous cataracts in the world, being in one part 164 feet in perpendicular height. The Niagara river is a branch of the St. Lawrence. It is calculated that 100 millions of tons of water per minute are precipitated down the cataract.

[3] For Luke's, read Zeck's. George and Luke Zeck were two brothers, who headed an insurrection in Hungary, 1514. George, who had usurped the sovereignty, received the punishment of the iron crown.

[4] A fanatic, who attempted the life of Louis XV. in 1757. For this attempt he was cruelly tortured, and afterwards executed.

EXAMINATION ON "THE TRAVELLER."

1. What was Goldsmith's object in this poem?
2. Quote a comparison from the first part of the poem.
3. Which, on the whole, may be considered the finest passage in this poem?
4. What opinion does the poet give of the Italians?
5. What may we say of the versification of this poem?
6. Explain the poet's views of the French and Dutch.
7. Where may we find the moral of this poem (within the last twelve lines)?
8. How does Goldsmith's style differ from that of Thomson?

THE END.

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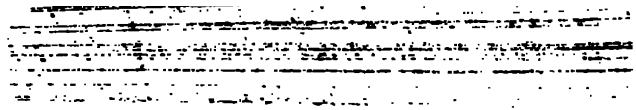

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